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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 46

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1916

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING time is here. Let us be thankful for whatever there is to be thankful for. I don't see though that it is quite Christian for this country to be thankful for blessings which are the brighter here for their conspicuous absence from other countries. Surely our deserts are no better than theirs. There is too much sorrow and suffering elsewhere in the world to warrant us in violent rejoicing over our own well-being. If we do that we shall be under strong suspicion of thanking God that we are not as other men—attributing our favor to our own merit. It might be well in our thanksgiving to remember, concerning our sore-stricken brothers abroad, that they may be in better favor with the Divinity in that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We should not let any pride creep into our thankfulness. We must not forget that the food of our feasting has some savor of our brothers' blood and tears. We must beware of the danger of a sanctimonious hubris mingling with professed humility. Let us be thankful but let us keep away from cant.

♦♦

Votes for Women

THE women will get the ballot all over the country soon. The women who have it have shown what they can do with it. Both the great parties want that vote and will favor extending the area in which it can be exercised. There is no opposition left but the liquor interest and that is—well, it's groggy.

♦♦

The Mexican Matter

ABOUT Mexico. Don Luis Cabrera, representative of Carranza in the pending conference, has jockeyed the United States representatives out of patience, with his refusal to assent to anything short of unconditional withdrawal of our punitive expedition after Villa. It is a wonder that he didn't demand an apology, too. Now it looks as if the expedition will be gradually withdrawn. Our soldiers will patrol the border on our side of the line, Mexican soldiers on their side. To what extent they will co-operate has not been disclosed, but the co-operation will not be extensive or cordial. It is a fact that Mexican troops were never so active against Villa as they were in killing the American Capt. Boyd and his men who were pursuing Villa. The President is determined not to have war with Mexico, but Mexico is evidently determined that its putative sovereignty shall not be overshadowed by a menace of intervention on our part. There is no prospect that Carranza will or can undertake any of the domestic reforms tentatively suggested by our commissioners of negotiation, because there is no organization to take up such matters as financial rehabilitation, education and so forth. With troops on either side of the border there will be danger of a clash any day. There is little that is promising of early and complete understanding between the two countries. Don Luis Cabrera's actions show that Mexico presumes too much on this country's passion for peace.

♦♦

A Bloc

'Twas Wilson that won the election, not the Democracy. In the House the Democratic majority is small. There is a good opportunity for a radical, independent bloc in that body. It could get in its work on any issue that does not command party

loyalty. There are many so-called Democrats who will not stay hitched and may vote with a bloc. As *The New Republic* says, the independents, the socialist, and the suffragist might very well accomplish something in changing the rules.

♦♦

POSSIBLY it is a bit early, but here goes: For President of the United States, 1920, Brand Whitlock, of Ohio.

♦♦

Fred Einstein

THAT so much of intelligently directed energy, so much sympathy and good will as characterized Alfred C. Einstein should be stilled by death is a shock to those who knew the man, his performance and his potentialities in this community. Mr. Einstein was the directing genius of the Union Electric Company, a public service corporation. He made it serve the public. He pursued the policy of reducing rates as the best means of increasing revenue, and nowhere in this country are consumers of electricity so deprived of the delights of dissatisfaction with such a corporation as are the patrons of his company. Under Mr. Einstein's management the employees of the concern were treated in a manner that induced in them an enthusiasm of loyalty. Proposals for a municipally-owned electric light plant are under discussion here, but the discussion involved no abuse of Mr. Einstein's institution. Brightness was the note of "Fred" Einstein—brightness and an unfussy busy-ness. In civic affairs he had a way of clarifying the atmosphere of thought, removing the clutter in the way and going direct to the objective. His personal success mellowed him into a mood of continuous benevolence and in social relationships and occasions, joy marked his coming and regret his going. His was a keen zest of life and contact with him cheered and freshened others. Multitudinous were his activities other than those of his position with the lighting company and they were all of a forwarding effect. His city needed him and he met the need unfailingly. He was a man it was good to know, a man fondly to be remembered.

♦♦

Francis Joseph

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S Emperor, Francis Joseph, is dead, after a life of eighty-six and a reign of sixty-seven years, with many sorrows. It was he who held his precarious empire together. That his people "loved" him is mere obituary rot. It was he who directly brought on the Great War, in which his forces have made but a poor showing. If Austria-Hungary shall survive the war, it will be in effect as a German dependency. For a generation it has been felt that at Francis Joseph's death the state would go to pieces, but his determination upon vengeance for the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand brought on conditions in which Europe and indeed, civilization, has gone to pieces. He has gone to his life's assize bearing an awful burden of blood-guiltiness.

♦♦

Popular Election of Presidents

THERE is a revival of the proposal that the method of electing a President of the United States be changed, so that the choice may be determined by the popular vote, without the interposition of the electoral college. The reform was vigorously urged when Samuel J. Tilden was defeated by electoral votes though receiving a popular majority and again when Grover Cleveland was similarly defeated by Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Wilson, on November 7th,

received a majority of the popular vote, but he was elected, as now appears, by the electoral vote of California, and that electoral vote is his by a perilously narrow margin. The election seemed to turn on a very few votes in a very few districts late in reporting the result. The *New York World* says that Congress should at once take steps to amend the Constitution so as to provide for the election of the president by direct vote of the people. To the advocates of pure democracy the proposition is attractive. It is in line with the initiative and referendum, proportional representation, direct election of United States Senators and so forth, but it is a question how far we are prepared to go in pure democracy in this country. Then there are practical objections. Suppose we elect the president by direct popular vote: what about the vote of the South? As things are, the North, East and West tacitly assent to the disfranchisement of the Southern negroes. Could such thing be, if we were to abandon the theory and the practice of the states voting for President, as states? Popular election, with a suppression and nullification of millions of votes would be an absurdity. There is something to be said for the idea that a check is needed upon the power of mere numbers, that government should be more than a matter of "counting noses." The *New York Evening Post* says that if there were no such check, "whenever any section had a special interest in a particular policy, while the rest of the country viewed the question in a more disinterested way, the massed sectional vote would preponderate in a manner most undesirable, and quite possibly dangerous, from the national standpoint." The more populous North and East might easily overslaugh the remainder of the country upon some issue in which they had a vital concern. The application of this consideration is well stated thus: "During any such time, for example, as that long period in which the Republican party was overwhelmingly in the ascendant in most of the States of the North and West, the piling up of still larger majorities in those states would have had little or no real significance; yet it would have counteracted the winning over of the same number of voters by the opposition party in states where party prejudice was less rigidly established, and discussion of policies and principles at stake more real and significant." We might never get rid of the tariff, if the election were decided by mere numbers. To some extent the casting of the votes of states by electors is a protection for minorities. And always when we are talking of direct vote of the people for president, we forget the fact that there is one section of the country in which large numbers of people are not permitted to vote at all. We forget, too, that we have had party majorities in the House of Representatives when the party in power represented a minority of the voters. Some districts go for one party by big majorities, while others go for the other party by very small majorities, but this is balanced fairly in the matter of legislative or representative power. If we go to the basis of popular election we must discard the theory that the states of the union are political entities, and states' rights must go by the board to that extent. There is no denying that the tendency is in that direction. It is a question whether the country is ready for an abandonment of that feature of representative government which deprives numerical strength of absolute superiority in power. There is much to be said for pure democracy, but as to the attainment of purity there is much to seek. One thing is certain, we must first insure that all over the country every citizen shall be permitted to vote and that every vote shall be counted. Discussion of the proposed abolition of the electoral college and the determination of election to the presidency by direct vote of the people should clarify our ideas upon the subject. The present system is far from perfect. It may be amended. It is doubtful, however, that we shall go soon to direct popular election for there exists a very definite dread that such a system contains the possibility of dividing the country dangerously on

sectional issues, the acuteness of which the electoral college method has a tendency to soften into what President Wilson would describe as a spirit of accommodation.



Exposing a Fake

READERS of this paper will remember that some months since there appeared in these columns sharp criticism of the methods employed in marketing an edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica." It was pointed out that the set of books was originally advertised at a price from which, it was announced there would be no recession, and then a new edition was put upon the market at a lower figure. The purchasers of the first edition were "done" out of the difference between the higher and the lower price. It was said in these columns that the books thus trickily sold were not a good encyclopædia. In this issue is printed the first of a series of articles by Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, setting forth the facts which show that the compilation is not a universal reference book in the true sense, but, in the matter of art at least, a provincial British piece of hack-work. Mr. Wright writes authoritatively. He is the author of "Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning," the best book that has appeared upon the subject of the post-impressionists, cubists, futurists and other innovators and revolutionists in design and color. He has written also "The Creative Will" in which he pursues to its ultimate the psychology of æsthetic. Mr. Wright is the modern art editor of *The International Studio*, the leading art publication of the English-speaking world. From which it may be deduced that he knows what he is talking about when he discusses art. Later he will deal with the treatment of literature in "The Encyclopædia Britannica," and here again he writes as one who knows, for he has been literary critic of the *Los Angeles Times*, of *Town Topics*, and editor of *The Smart Set*. Moreover, he is the author of a powerful novel, "The Man of Promise," exemplifying the Nietzschean philosophy upon which likewise he is one speaking with authority, having published the best, most comprehensive summary in English of the cult of the beyond-man. Mr. Wright will make plain that there is good ground for suspicion that a publication marketed by fake methods is a work compiled by methods which correspond to those of its sale. There is on record proof that "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is no sounder, no more correctly informed upon some phases of science than it is upon painting and literature. This work is being unloaded upon the public through advertising that might cause a junk-man to blush for his hyperboles. The juggling of prices only technically escapes the designation of fraud. In the interest of book-buyers, of exact knowledge, of honest book-publishing, of honest advertising, the scheme is here shown up. Thus far, I believe, but two publications in the country—the *MIRROR* and *The Bellman*—have dealt with the subject as it deserves to be dealt with. All the others, daily, weekly and monthly, take the great slabs of advertisements and hold their peace. Mr. Willard Huntington Wright will make those publications look like—what they are.



Vocational Psychology

A LADY-PSYCHOLOGIST recently made an address at the St. Louis City Club, in which she took occasion to say that when it came to vocational psychology it might be well to consider blonde persons of a mercurial or restless temperament while brunettes were more determined and reliable. Professor Harry L. Hollingsworth, Assistant Professor of Psychology of Columbia University, in his book, "Vocational Psychology," dissents from any such conclusions, placing such generalizations among the early gropings in the development of this new science. He also dismisses as unworthy of credit the greater part of the new "science" of Lombroso, which undertakes to classify criminals by means of stigmata. He says that Lombroso's conclusions are not now accepted as basis for the judgment of the

scientific psychologist, as "it is now understood that the underlying truth of the matter is only that these stigmata are somewhat more frequent among the vicious, degenerate and defective groups than they are among people selected on the basis of their morality and intelligence. A criminal may have none of the stigmata, while an Abraham Lincoln may have several." He thus concludes that the variations are too frequent and too erratic to be used as the basis of an exact science, such as vocational psychology is seeking to become. Mr. Hollingsworth avers that there are three leading problems involved in the new science. First, how may the individual acquire a knowledge of his own peculiar mental and instinctive constitution, his equipment of capacities, tendencies, interests, aptitudes and the way he compares in these respects with his fellows? Second, how may the individual acquire information concerning the general or special traits required in the various vocations? Third, how may an employer know the relative desirability and fitness of those who seek employment? While admitting that vocational psychology is still in its infancy, he gives in the book the means whereby these facts can at least be approximated. Nor is the process an easy or simple one. It requires, in most instances, long and painstaking experimentation. Unfortunately, the experimentation in this line has not heretofore been extensive enough to develop anything like a valuable body of facts on which to base future determinations, but the methods chiefly employed may be grouped under about a half dozen heads. The first of these tests is called vocational miniature, such as testing by a miniature switchboard, with chronometric attachment, the speed and accuracy of telephone operators, or discovering powers of observation and accuracy by enacting a set scene and then having the subject describe it. Another method closely related to this is, taking an actual piece of the work to be performed and having the candidate do it, but the author thinks that it is not necessary to take this method into the psychological laboratory. A third method of value is that of analogy, in which a test is devised having real or supposed resemblance to a situation to be met by the worker. Thus, girls engaged in sorting steel ball-bearings are selected on the basis of their reaction to a sound stimulus. Sorting cards with different combinations of letters is supposed to show how quickly the candidate may meet a situation unlooked for. Then there are tests for speed and quickness where such qualities are discovered by cancelling one or more named letters in a page of print. Another method is empirical, devised to meet any given examination and which may run into great variety. Again there is the method of self analysis, which, if conducted along scientific lines, is valuable. Lastly, there is the opinion of friends and associates as to qualities and aptitude. All these methods he thinks useful, but he applies a great many other tests also and it is only through the employment of most of them that he believes that anything like an accurate estimate may be reached. The mechanical tests are curious, but somehow they do not seem to be adequate to the mensuration of such subtleties as enter into the matter of calculating the scope of the soul of man. One cannot yield much faith to such measurements. There is something in them ridiculously like Prof. Muensterberg's determination of a man's truthfulness or honesty by the vibrations he gives off according to his veracity or his unveracity in response to questions. The elaborate tabulations in this book are imposing, but they do not convince one that they yield any better information as to a person's fitness for a job than would be given by observation of that person at work at simple tasks. However, Mr. Hollingsworth does not disdain the plain stigmata of general niftiness and gumption and keen interest in some kinds of work in preference to others. He simply puts them last in his list of methods of determination. It seems to me they should come first, and that the mechanism of vocational psychology is only necessary when such observation fails to disclose definite tendency and

superior proficiency. Be that as it may, his history of vocational psychology is interesting. He shows that the first efforts towards his science took the form of attempts to control objective things; thus, blessings, incantations, curses, prayers, divinations, ceremonials, sacrifices, symbols and charms. The next step was a recognition of the truth that nature is a system of connected facts. Instead of willing what was desired, there was an effort to distinguish in the world signs and clues that would lead on fortune. Thus, fortune-telling, birthmarks and stigmata, the astrology and clairvoyance of the Middle Ages. The next step was represented by the pseudo-sciences, such as phrenology and physiognomy, an attempt to find in the physical structure a key to aptitudes. Phrenology is, of course, an exploded science, but physiognomy still may be used to some extent in making determinations, although there is no possibility of exact classification. The next attempt was to form the individual to meet certain ends. Hence industrial education, which he thinks also has its value. Indeed, to an uninitiate, it seems that industrial education should include all the tests and methods of determination of vocational inclination. The manual training schools have made good, and so have the institutes of technology. Mr. Hollingsworth has made many experiments along this line of investigation, an account of which is incorporated, together with the experiments of many other scientists in this field. There are numerous tables showing the co-efficients, variations, co-relations and percentages of error, which are very difficult for anyone but a mathematician or a psychologist to understand. The book, which is published by the Appletons, New York, is evidently the last word in this new science and should be of great value to anyone interested in that subject. To every parent the question of what his boy, or his girl for that matter, is best fitted for and most definitely inclined to, is a very important one. It is clear to anyone that it would be well if everyone were to engage in that work the doing of which efficiently yields him the most pleasure. Much of the world's bad work is due to the man at odds with his job. Much of the world's unhappiness, too, comes from that condition. If vocational psychology can aid in getting the right man on the right job for that man, it will be a most helpful science. But before it can come into effective play, something else must be done. That something is, to insure that there shall be a job for everybody, that there shall be more jobs seeking men than men seeking jobs. The dynamics of the situation must be changed and then the mechanics can be applied to the end of efficiency. Vocational psychology cannot have much play otherwise. We don't want square pegs in round holes, of course, but of what aid is vocational psychology to the pegs for which there are no holes?

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Still Another Man for Mayor

ST. LOUISANS will forgive me for adverting again to the fact that this city will have to elect a mayor next April. I take it that the people of the city do not want to be forced to choose between two machine-made and machine-controlled nominees. Therefore I have been suggesting the names of men in either party who may be nominated in defiance of the machine if enough of the citizenry will get behind such men to force the nomination. The kind of mayor we want is a man who will be mayor without subservience to political organization. I have named Mr. Thomas Rogers, Mr. John H. Gundlach, Mr. Frank Crunden, Mr. Breckenridge Long, Judge Thomas C. Hennings. They are commended as men regardless of their political affiliations. To the list I would add Mr. Dwight Davis, a Republican. No man in public office did better work than Mr. Davis as Park Commissioner. He gave us a park system. He gave us our playgrounds and swimming pools. He brought the people into touch with the parks. He organized the inter-municipal baseball leagues. He was an originating force and an executive power in the old Board of

Public Improvements. He worked for the city and more particularly the children of the city, not for the political job-hunters. He is a wealthy man who needs seek no profit for himself from his labors, and he has a fine enthusiasm for public service. If the Republicans should nominate him they would have a candidate against whom nothing and for whom a great deal could be said. Mr. Davis was one of the strong cards for his party in the last election. His official activities made the party many votes. He would, if elected, do something other than mark time and try to do nothing until all the newspapers can agree upon what shall be done. Mr. Davis is the kind of wealthy young man who is more radical in his views of public needs and policies than many men of smaller means. Republicans who would like their party to gain the honor and credit of doing something progressive for the city cannot overlook the possibilities and probabilities of such credit in the nomination of Mr. Dwight Davis for mayor.

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Social Hygiene

IN session here this week is the American Social Hygiene Association. It's all right, so far as it goes. Education in prophylaxis will help some. The more people know of the social evil the more certain it is that they will see that improvement of morals is largely an economic question. The people for whom hygienic effort is made, would help themselves if they had time to spare from grinding work, if they had time to acquire the education the hygienists would give them. The members of the Association should have had Surgeon-General Gorgas address them. He would tell them that the best sanitation, the best hygiene is to be achieved through giving workers plenty of work at good pay. People overworked and underfed cannot be effectively hygienized. To be educated, people must have time to give to it from their work. Many good things are reported as being done by the Association and its branches, but they are only treating symptoms, while the economic condition now regnant continues to breed the disease of poverty. There's nothing helps physical and social hygiene like a fat pay-envelope steadily received. Give the people work at good pay and the people will hygienize themselves. Let the Association's work go on. The workers will soon be convinced that physical and moral disease increases faster than their means of combating it can be multiplied or expanded to cope with it. Open up the world to the workers; that is the way to all kinds of health in the body politic.

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The Common Sense of It

OUR railroad problem is to be investigated by a Congressional committee. The problem is regulation or government ownership. It will not do to abandon regulation, for it has not been tried. There has been too much confusion and conflict in regulation, between the enactments of the states and those of the nation. It is certain that we shall never return to unregulated private ownership and operation. That is clearly out of the question. Let us try more regulation by one authority. That is the common sense of the situation.

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A Time for Sweet Reasonableness

SOME of the labor leaders who are talking of what they are going to do in the event of delay in applying the Adamson eight-hour day, talk like people drunk with power. The cooler heads among them should not forget that it is easier to coerce the congress than it is to coerce all the people by renewed threats of a strike. This country voted for peace on November 7th—for peace among ourselves, no less than with foreign powers. A strike would be civil war. The people do not relish such utterances as that of Mr. Lee, of one of the brotherhoods, to the effect that labor is going to fight for what it wants if the Adamson law does not stand. The people believe in the eight-hour day, but it must come by law and not by violence. The people were glad a strike was averted in August. They

will not welcome a strike in January. They will insist upon arbitration and submission to law. And as for the railroad managers, if they too insist upon forcing the issue to a strike, they will come out of the conflict with their roads in the hands of the government, from which hands those roads will never be wholly released. If both sides of the controversy know their own interest they will cultivate a spirit of sweet reasonableness. The President has done much for labor. It should do something in return for all the people whose president he is. It should keep the peace and let the railroads hang themselves in their own legalism.

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Peace and the Blockade

THERE can be no doubt that Great Britain suffers greatly from the German submarine blockade. In the British isles the government is taking over the control of food supplies. In the Jutland battle the submarines deprived the British navy of a victory when that navy had the German fleet cut off from its base. German submarines kept reinforcements and supplies from the Allies at Gallipoli. Those submarines prevent the transportation of Allied forces to the East where they are now sadly needed. These things certain English papers are saying openly. No wonder that the British have hopes that something will come out of the proposed League to Enforce Peace. We know that Germany suffers for supplies, and in Germany, too, the papers have good words to say for the Peace League. Peace sentiment is growing. No one need be surprised if peace should break out very soon as the result of some decisive engagement in Rumania. It is doubtful now if the conscience of the world will tolerate any such event as the sacrifice of a million men on each side in an attempt to end the deadlock on the Western front.

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In Thirty-seven Years

ONE-FOURTH of the popular vote in Oregon was in favor of a straight-out Single Tax proposition submitted as an amendment to the state constitution. There are some Single Taxers who think that the reform does not come fast enough. When you consider all that Single Tax means, what a revolution its application will bring about, what a vast power is opposed to its principle, the incalculable inertia there is to overcome, the progress of the cause is miraculous. Consider how long was the fight to end chattel slavery. Yet it is only thirty-seven years since the publication of "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George. And now the programme advanced in that book is a vital issue in every civilized country in the world—an issue that will be more clearly defined and more vigorously pressed as a result of the present cataclysm in Europe. Garrison founded the *Liberator* in 1831. The Civil War settled chattel slavery thirty-five years later, but there was agitation against slavery long before the day of William Lloyd Garrison. The land question goes back to Moses and before his time. The engrossing and forestalling of land was recognized as an evil from the beginning of history. Henry George found the remedy. The evil grows. The demand for the application of the remedy grows more insistent. The Single Tax is a proposal of world politics. Its champions have profoundly modified all economic thought and their activities have resulted in a tendency everywhere to take taxes off production and heap them upon privilege. Single Taxers have been prominent in every movement for the amelioration of economic conditions by taking from the batteners upon industry their ill-gotten gains. The deposit of intelligent thought in Ohio as a result of the activities of Tom Johnson, Single Taxer, swung that state into the Democratic column only a few days ago. The 300,000 votes for a Single Tax amendment in California carried with them thousands of votes that gave that state to Wilson. Single Tax goes marching on. And the news of its march in California and Oregon, with the news of the re-election of a president whose thought has a decided Single Tax tinge must have touched to

joy the last days and hours of Henry George, Jr., who died at the age of fifty-five a week ago, after a life gloriously spent in furthering the cause his father gave to the world. It is the doctrine of Henry George that has given the world the conception of "justice with a heart in it." "Progress and Poverty" is the book that is doing more to change things in America than did "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is more thoroughly changing the world at large than did Rousseau's writings. In the brief space of thirty-seven years the Single Tax has got the world fairly started towards the acceptance of the triumphant demonstration of "Progress and Poverty" that the land belongs to all the people. The abolition of involuntary poverty is the objective of civilization. With poverty will go vice and crime. In their place will come plenty and culture and the graces of life for all. All other programmes than the Single Tax are vague and cloudy. The Single Tax is definite, concrete. It is the only way to permanent social betterment. And the world is moving in that way.

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Truth in a Nutshell

COL. BRYAN has found another "paramount issue." It is Prohibition. He says he is going to make Democracy dry. The fact of the matter is that fighting prohibition on principle is getting to be hard work for those who realize that behind the principle of personal liberty there looms a very big special interest. It will not be difficult to make Democracy dry, if, while the Democracy is fighting prohibition the liquor interests, as in St. Louis, continue to vote the Republican ticket.

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Frightfulness in Excelsis

GERMANY'S deportation of the native population of Belgium is a colossal barbarism. It is a reversion to the policy of making slaves of a conquered people, forcing them to work for their conquerors against their own fellow-nationals. This is not civilized warfare. It is "frightfulness." It is as bad almost as what Leopold of Belgium did to the natives of the Congo. Deportation of Belgians goes well with the violation of Belgian neutrality at the beginning of the war. It will further alienate from Germany the sympathy of the neutral world.

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Shall There be an Embargo?

It is getting to be a very serious question as to how long the United States will stand the strain of the European war upon its people. The rise in prices is causing distress, and the distress will become misery in winter. Foodstuffs will soon be out of the reach of the poor. Then, too, there is going on a drain of other material to Europe—material badly needed here. The foreign demand for everything is such as to diminish painfully the domestic supply. Soon we shall have no steel or leather or lumber or many other things, and this will paralyze production, development and improvement of manufacture and transportation. It is within the possibilities that an embargo may be found necessary to protect this country's business and the well-being of its people from the drain of the real wealth of the nation to Europe. We are getting gold, to be sure, but we are getting too much of it, and gold is not a substitute for the product of field, mine and factory. The gold is enriching a few. But the many are in danger of being pauperized by the outflow of goods to Europe and the high prices for stuffs at home. An embargo might grievously cripple the Entente powers but it may be necessary to our own self-protection. It is doubtless true that much of the high price charged here for things is sheer extortion, but most of it is due to the shipments abroad to nations at war. We may try first to eliminate the extortion, but as matters stand now, we shall surely have to go to the basis of at least a limited embargo in order that business and transportation may continue in operation and the necessities of life shall not be boosted beyond the means of ordinary people.

Problem

By Harry B. Kennon

SUPPOSE that you hold down a job
That you couldn't hold down
Without being efficient.

Suppose your job pays
What a brain-salaried
Efficiency Expert
Figures it should pay
To clothe, feed and cover
A single man, barely:
Say from eight
To twenty dollars a week.

Suppose you are not made
Of wood or metal.
Suppose you have been fool enough
To marry
And beget children.
Suppose you unnaturally
Love your children
And your wife.
Suppose you see your girl
Growing old before her time;
Her ambition for her children stifled.

Suppose you have been System-trained
To the job
That holds you down;
Suppose that your System training
Has unfitted you for higher paid jobs
In the concern that works you;
Suppose that your very efficiency
Makes your chance of cinching
One of those better jobs
As remote as the Kingdom of Heaven . . .

The Efficiency Expert
Will declare that supposition
Fallacious;
That is one of the whys
Of the Efficiency Expert . . .

Suppose that your excellent training
Has softened you
Out of the so-called Labor class.

Suppose your house rent,
Cost of food and clothing
Have advanced twenty-five to fifty per cent.
Suppose your pay
Remains
Snug to your job.

Suppose, in desperation,
You ask for living pay;
Suppose you are told
That the increased cost of doing business
Prevents
The advance you plead for.
Suppose you see so obliquely
As to see
That the concern
Is doing the biggest business in its history;
That the obvious expenditures of the Heads
Betray
No diminution of dividends.
Suppose you know
That an army hungers for your job
If you forsake it.

Now suppose
That these many suppositions
Are Facts
That confront hundreds of thousands
Of the clerical class
In this year
Of unparalleled Prosperity;
That is the problem—
Supply the solution!
ATLANTA, TEX.

Home Rule in Poetry

A Discourse for Our One Hundred New Poets

By Vachel Lindsay

THERE is a wave of interest in verse going across the country. America is beginning to professionalize, institutionalize and nationalize a new group of laureates.

The *Century Magazine* for March, 1916, said: "There are one hundred poets in America to-day, excellent craftsmen, vivid adventurers, known and unknown."

Some of these people have been writing for a generation. The public, however, refused until today to read any of their books. Only one excuse was offered. The verse of these poets was not "great."

It was a particularly cruel and unreasonable standard, when applied to the village poet. His rhyme was sometimes printed by the most fastidious magazines. That should have been enough for a standing in the home-town. Certainly it was not required of the young fellow with a law school education that he have ten years of eminence as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, before he be trusted with the local legal business. Yet many of the hundred who are now emerging were these village poets, hung, drawn and quartered by the Christian Endeavor Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Labor Union and the Country Club alike, because, as it was implied, they could not prove themselves Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Whitman combined.

But the real reason of the taboo was that the tyrannous majorities disliked all poetry. There were two causes for this. First: American fidgets. Second: the way verse was taught in the public schools of the last generation. The teachers did not many of them love the art. It was the custom to use it as a grindstone, as a sharpener of the wits. This gift of the gods, whose name for little children should have been as springtime and wildflowers, became in the eyes of the American babies a mysterious rack on which the mind was tortured. Every poem was transformed into a prose exercise in reasoning or an experiment in scanning. The child was always taught to read past the rhyme and ignore it. He was shown the alleged wonderful trick of stopping for breath at the middle of the line, and reading past the rhyme as fast as possible. Yet, generally speaking, in every well-read poem there should be as long a pause as is given for a comma, wherever there is a rhyme. The child who sing-songed the poem was the martyr of poetry. He was absolutely right and he was reproved for it.

The only poems allowed to penetrate the baby souls of that generation were the classics of the playground, "London Bridge is Falling Down," "King William Was King James' Son," and "As We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," sung in concert and acted by sturdy volunteers at recess. And no one in America appeared to know that was poetry. Poetry was something to pull a long face over, and give the name of the meter.

The village poet should see that the entire teaching of verse in the nearest public school be related as closely as possible to "London Bridge," "King William," and the "Mulberry Bush," and the child encouraged to sing-song his favorite poems with growing elaboration through the years. The village poet will find this generation of teachers quite willing to co-operate. Let the children go deeply into the cadences of "Hiawatha," Poe's "Bells," and "Horatius at the Bridge" and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and, if possible, make them into their own folk dances. I have found this very easy to do with children from six to eighteen, and, of course, with older students.

The college student should go deeply into the mystery of unrhymed melodies, and evolve any procedure that will make the printed rhythms real. The new free verse requires an ear that is first elaborate-

ly trained in conventional rhythms. The people that like it best are apt to be those who love the old poets.

Young physicians and lawyers have empty offices the first few years, sometimes many years, and the versifier need not expect an easier time. Whatever the village poet's ostensible profession, school teacher, editor, ditch-digger, let him fight for local recognition as a minstrel, in any dignified way, and not wait for a hearing to come to him.

And like the preacher, let the versifier learn to vocalize his message. Young divines, delivering their first sermons, act as poets generally do all their lives when reading their works. Everyone gives a sigh of relief when the exercises are over. But here is a difference. The preacher tries again, because society expects it of him, and he expects it of himself. The most brilliant poets go on whispering forever, claiming special privileges, while there is scarcely a cross-roads pastor or small town lawyer of middle age but can make a fairly acceptable presentation of such a message as he has, and hold three hundred with reasonable command.

"Getting into the magazines" is a diploma for which the bard should be thankful. It is worth striving for. But though the poets have been in the magazines all these years, no one for a generation has, as it were, read the diploma. Or, to put it another way, the accepted verses became end-page ornaments, by no means taken with the same human interest as the prose before or after. And as to remembering the name or style of a poet from one month to the next, that was incredible. Even yet the typical news-stand magazines list their contributing prose writers on the back in flaming colors, and are discreetly omitting their rhymers.

But Harriet Monroe, Edward J. Wheeler, William Stanley Braithwaite, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Alice Corbin Henderson, Louis Untermeyer, Alfred Kreyenborg, Margaret Anderson, Max Eastman, Lewellyn Jones, Joyce Kilmer, William Marion Reedy, Francis Hackett, with their special publications, reviews, magazines, anthologies, social groups or organized societies have served in their various ways to lift the American poets out of the class of mere diploma-getters, stop-gaps, end-page decorators. Differing in a legion of amazing ways, of all schools of political and religious thought, these critics agree in a passion for verse. They have distributed living laurels of late, as well as some limp laurels. Let those who have hopes for the American soul, do them honor for this crusade.

Now the lately-laurelled are in a sea of endless technical discussion as to what the pattern of a poem should be. It is as dreary as the ancient scanning of the ward-school pedagogues. But no one is attempting to work out what is more important: the pattern of daily life for the American singer. This is the thing the village poets must do. Certainly they may need Bohemia for a season. They may find Art allies worth while in Greenwich Village, that new East Aurora, with its many new would-be Elbert Hubbards.

But it does not behoove the true Jeffersonian American to break his home-ties forever and stew away to nothing in the far country simply because in his early youth someone in authority praised one of his songs.

Let the lately-crowned member of our poetical one hundred accept his dead diplomas and his living laurels as well. Let his henchmen insist to his neighbors that he is a verse-designer duly certified by both the official and the inspired authorities, and then let him set out to make over the spirit of his town.

Our most outstanding examples of the local poet in the present decade are the late James Whitcomb Riley, who has given Indiana a soul, Edgar Lee Masters, laureate of all down-state Illinois, Carl Sandburg, laureate of Chicago, Robert Frost, laureate of all North of Boston.

There are too many poets in Greenwich Village. But there is room indeed for one hundred poets,

properly distributed. That is but one for each million of inhabitants. A potential audience of a million should be spur enough for any man. It seems to me some of our young fellows are rather babyish, the way they huddle together. Why cannot they stand out alone and take the real winds of America, instead of snuggling in an imitation Latin quarter? There is nothing in the cornfields to frighten real men. It is not all important that America have "Immortal Bards." Poetic immortality is an utterly false aspiration for the critic to awaken or for the unfortunate rhymers to hug to his breast. It is as bad as newspaper notoriety, as a motive.

And it is still more absurd, when the poet does return to the village, for utterly unknown labor leaders, politicians, merchants or bankers to insist that their local singer prove that he has won the admiration of the unborn of the whole wide world for all the ages to come, before he is privileged to sing the local songs. The village poet, the home town poet, should rather aspire to an old-age veteranship, a standing that will count with his friends and provoke his enemies, we will say, at his seventieth birthday. He should be equal parts William Allen White, Eugene V. Debs and the nightingale. If he desires immortality, let it be among the children of his personal friends in his home town. I hope any reader of the MIRROR who knows a poet that needs this message, will not hesitate to clip it out and send it to him.

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The Mother Stone

By John Galsworthy

IT was after dinner, and five elderly Englishmen were discussing the causes of the war.

"Well," said Travers, a big, fresh-colored greybeard, with little twinkling eyes and very slow speech, "you gentlemen know more about it than I do, but I bet you I can lay my finger on the cause of the war at any minute."

There was an instant clamor of jeering. But a man called Askew, who knew Travers well, laughed and said: "Come, let's have it!" Travers turned those twinkling little eyes of his slowly round the circle, and with heavy, hesitating modesty began:

"Well, Mr. Askew, it was in '67 or '68 that this happened to a great big feller of my acquaintance named Ray—one of those fellers, you know, that are always on the lookout to make their fortunes and never do. This Ray was coming back south one day after a huntin' trip he'd been in what's now called Bechuanaland, and he was in a pretty bad way when he walked one evenin' into the camp of one of those wanderin' Boers. That class of Boer's disappeared now. They'd no farms of their own, but just moved on with their stock and their boys; and when they came to good pasture they'd outspan and stay there till they'd cleared it out—and then trek on again. Well, this old Boer told Ray to come right in, and take a meal; and heaven knows what it was made of, for those old Boers, they'd eat the devil himself without onion sauce, and relish him. After the meal the old Boer and Ray sat smokin' and yarnin' in the door of the tent, because in those days these wanderin' Boers used tents. Right close by in the front, the children were playin' in the dust, a game like marbles, with three or four round stones, and they'd pitch 'em up to another stone they called the Moer-Klip or Mother-stone—one, two, and pick up—two, three, and pick up—you know the game of marbles. Well, the sun was settin' and presently Ray noticed this Moer-Klip that they were pitchin' 'em up to, shinin'; and he looked at it, and he said to the old Boer: 'What's that stone the children are playin' with?' And the old Boer looked at him and looked at the stone, and said: 'It's just a stone,' and went on smokin'.

"Well, Ray went down on his knees and picked up the stone, and weighed it in his hand. About the size of a hazel-nut it was, and looked—well, it looked

like a piece of alum; but the more he looked at it, the more he thought: 'By Jove, I believe it's a diamond!'

"So he said to the old Boer: 'Where did the children get this stone?' And the old Boer said: 'Oh! the shepherd picked it up somewhere.' And Ray said: 'Where did he pick it up?' And the old Boer waved his hand, and said: 'Over the Kopje, there, beyond the river. How should I know, brother?—a stone is a stone!' So Ray said: 'You let me take this stone away with me!' And the old Boer went on smokin', and he said: 'One stone's the same as another. Take it, brother!' And Ray said: 'If it's what I think, I'll give you half the price I get for it.'

"The old Boer smiled, and said: 'That's all right, brother; take it, take it!'

"The next morning Ray left this old Boer, and, when he was going, he said to him: 'Well,' he said, 'I believe this is a valuable stone!' and the old Boer smiled because he knew one stone was the same as another.

"The first place Ray came to was C—, and he went to the hotel; and in the evenin' he began talkin' about the stone, and they all laughed at him, because in those days nobody had heard of diamonds in South Africa. So presently he lost his temper, and pulled out the stone and showed it round; but nobody thought it was a diamond, and they all laughed at him the more. Then one of the fellers said: 'If it's a diamond, it ought to cut glass.'

"Ray took the stone, and, by Jove, he cut his name on the window, and there it is—I've seen it—on the bar window of that hotel. Well, next day, you bet, he traveled straight back to where the old Boer told him the shepherd had picked up the stone, and he went to a native chief called Jointje, and said to him: 'Jointje,' he said, 'I go a journey. While I go, you go about and send all your "boys" about, and look for all the stones that shine like this one; and when I come back, if you find me plenty, I give you gun.' And Jointje said: 'That all right, Boss.'

"And Ray went down to Cape Town, and took the stone to a jeweler, and the jeweler told him it was a diamond of about 30 or 40 carats, and gave him five hundred pound for it. So he bought a wagon and a span of oxen to give to the old Boer, and went back to Jointje. The niggers had collected skinfuls of stones of all kinds, and out of all the skinfuls Ray found three or four diamonds. So he went to work and got another feller to back him, and between them they made the Government move. The rush began, and they found that place near Kimberley; and after that they found De Beers, and after that Kimberley itself.

Travers stopped, and looked around him.

"Ray made his fortune, I suppose?"

"No, Mr. Askew; the unfortunate feller made next to nothin'. He was one of those fellers that never do any good for themselves."

"But what has all this to do with the war?"

Again Travers looked round, and more slowly than ever, said:

"Without that game of marbles, would there have been a Moer-Klip—without the Moer-Klip, would there have been a Kimberley—without Kimberley, would there have been a Rhodes—without a Rhodes, would there have been a Raid—without a Raid, would the Boers have started armin'—if the Boers hadn't armed, would there have been a Transvaal War? And if there hadn't been the Transvaal War, would there have been the incident of those two German ships we held up; and all the general feelin' in Germany that gave the Kaiser the chance to start his navy programme in 1900? And if the Germans hadn't started to build their navy, should we have been in this show?"

He slowly drew a hand from his pocket, and put it on the table. On the little finger was blazing an enormous diamond.

"My father," he said, "bought it of the jeweler."

The mother-stone glittered and glowed, and the five Englishmen fixed their eyes on it in silence.

Some of them had been in the Boer War, and three of them had sons in this. At last one of them said: "Well, that's seeing God in a dew-drop with a vengeance. What about the old Boer?"

Travers' little eyes twinkled.

"Well," he said, "Ray told me the old feller just looked at him as if he thought he'd done a damn silly thing to give him a wagon; and he nodded his old head, and said, laughin' in his beard: 'Wish you good luck, brother, with your stone.' You couldn't humbug that old Boer; he knew one stone was the same as another."

From the London Nation.

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Bond and Free

By Robert Frost

LOVE has earth to which she clings
With hills and circling arms about—
Wall within wall to shut fear out.
But Thought has need of no such things,
For Thought has a pair of dauntless wings.

On snow and sand and turf, I see
Where Love has left a printed trace
With straining in the world's embrace.
And such is Love and glad to be.
But Thought has shaken his ankles free.

Thought cleaves the interstellar gloom
And sits in Sirius' disc all night,
Till day makes him retrace his flight,
With smell of burning on every plume,
Back past the sun to an earthly room.

His gains in heaven are what they are.
Yet some say Love, by being thrall
And simply staying, possesses all
In several beauty that Thought fares far
To find fused in another star.

From "Mountain Interval" (Henry Holt & Co., New York).

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Culture in the "Enc. Brit."

I. BRITISH PAINTING

By Willard Huntington Wright

IF one hopes to find in the eleventh edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" an unprejudiced critical and biographical survey of the world's artists, he will be sorely disappointed. Not only is the Encyclopædia not comprehensive and up-to-date, but the manner in which British art and artists are constantly forced to the front rank is so grossly biased that a false impression of æsthetic history and art values is almost an inevitable result, unless one is already equipped with a wide understanding of the subject. If one were to form an opinion of art on the Encyclopædia's articles, the opinion would be that English painting leads the modern world in both amount and quality. The Encyclopædia raises English academicians to the ranks of exalted greatness, and at the same time tends to tear down the pedestals whereon rest the truly towering geniuses of alien nationality.

So consistently does British bourgeois prejudice and complacency characterize the material on painting contained in this Encyclopædia, that any attempt to get from it an æsthetic point of view which would be judicious and universal, would fail utterly. Certain French and American artists of admitted importance are considered unworthy of space, or, if indeed deserving of mention, are unworthy of the amount of space, or the praise, which is conferred on a large number of lesser English painters. Both by implication and direct statement the editors have belittled the æsthetic endeavor of foreign nations, and have exaggerated, to an almost unbelievable degree, the art of their own country. The man-

ner in which the subject of painting is dealt with reveals the full-blown flower of British insularity and apotheosizes the narrow, aggressive culture of British middle-class respectability. In the world's art from 1700 on, comparatively little merit is recognized beyond the English Channel.

No more vicious and dangerous cultural influence on America can readily be conceived than the art articles in "The Encyclopædia Britannica." They distort the truth and disseminate false standards. America is now far enough behind the rest of the civilized world in its knowledge of art, and it will take many years of skillful education to counteract the erroneous impression created by this partial and disproportioned English work; for, in its treatment of painting, it possesses neither universality of outlook nor freedom from prejudice in its judgments—the two cardinal requisites for any work which lays claim to educational merit. Taken as a whole, its art division is little more than a brief for British graphic expression—a brief fraught with the rank-est injustice towards the art of other nations.

The number of English painters whose biographies appear in the Encyclopædia would, I believe, astonish even certain English art critics; and the large amount of space devoted to them—even to inconsequent and obscure academicians—when compared with the brief notices given to greater painters of other nations, leaves the un-British searcher with a feeling of bewilderment. But not only with the large number of English painters mentioned or even with the obviously disproportionate amount of space devoted to them does the Encyclopædia's chauvinistic campaign for England's æsthetic supremacy cease. The criticisms which accompany these biographies are as a rule generously favorable; and, in many cases, the praise reaches a degree of extravagance which borders on the absurd.

Did this optimism of outlook, this hot desire to ferret out greatness where only mediocrity exists, this ambition to drag the obscure and inept into the glare of prominence, extend to all painters, regardless of nationality, one might forgive the superlative eulogies heaped upon British art, and attribute them to that mellow spirit of sentimental tolerance which sees good in everything. But, alas! such impartiality does not exist. It would seem that the moment the biographers of the Encyclopædia put foot on foreign ground, their spirit of generosity deserts them. And if space is any indication of importance, it must be noted that English painters are, in the editors' estimation, of considerably more importance than painters from abroad.

Of William Etty, to whom nearly an entire page is devoted, we are told that "in feeling and skill as a colorist he has few equals." The implication here that Etty, as a colorist, has never been surpassed scarcely needs refutation. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Etty is not with us at present to read this exorbitant testimony to his greatness, for it would surprise him, no doubt, as much as it would those other few unnamed painters who are regarded as his equals in color *sensibility*. J. S. Cotman, we discover, was "a remarkable painter both in oils and water-color." This criticism is characteristic, for, even when there are no specific qualities to praise in an English painter's work, we find this type of vague recommendation.

No points, though, it would seem, are overlooked. Regard the manner in which J. D. Harding's questionable gifts are recorded. "Harding," you will find, "was noted for facility, sureness of hand, nicety of touch, and the various qualities which go to make up an elegant, highly-trained and accomplished sketcher from nature, and composer of picturesque landscape material; he was particularly skillful in the treatment of foliage." Turning from Mr. Harding, the "elegant" and "accomplished" depicter of foliage, to Birket Foster, we find that his work "is memorable for its delicacy and minute finish, and for its daintiness and pleasantness of sentiment." Dainty and pleasant sentiment is not with-

out weight with the art critics of the Encyclopædia. In one form or another it is mentioned quite often in connection with British painters.

Landseer offers an excellent example of the middle-class attitude which the Encyclopædia takes toward art. To judge from the page-and-a-half biography of this indifferent portraitist of animals one would imagine that Landseer was a great painter, for we are told that his "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind" is "perfectly drawn, solidly and minutely finished, and carefully composed." Of what possible educational value is an art article which would thus criticise a Landseer picture?

An English painter who, were we to accept the Encyclopædia's valuation, combines the qualities of several great painters is Sir Charles Holroyd. "In all his work" we learn, "Holroyd displays an impressive sincerity, with a fine sense of composition, and of style, allied to independent and modern thinking." Truly a giant! It would be difficult to recall any other painter in history "all" of whose work displayed a "fine sense of composition." Not even could this be said of Michelangelo. But when it comes to composition, Arthur Melville apparently soars above his fellows. Besides, "several striking portraits in oil," he did a picture called "The Return From the Crucifixion," which, so we are told, is a "powerful, colossal composition." To have achieved only a "powerful" composition should have been a sufficiently remarkable feat for a painter of Mr. Melville's standing; for only of a very few masters in the world's history can it be said that their compositions were both powerful and colossal. El Greco, Giotto, Giorgione, Veronese, Titian, Michelangelo and Rubens rarely soared to such heights.

But Melville, it appears, had a contemporary who, if anything, was greater than he—to-wit: Sir W. Q. Orchardson, to whose glories nearly a page is devoted. "By the time he was twenty," says his biographer, "Orchardson had mastered the essentials of his art." In short, at twenty he had accomplished what few painters accomplished in a lifetime. A really staggering feat! We are not therefore surprised to learn that "as a portrait painter Orchardson must be placed in the first class." Does this not imply that he ranked with Titian, Velasquez, Rubens and Rembrandt? What sort of an idea of the relative values in art will the uninformed person get from such loose and ill-considered rhetoric, especially when the critic goes on to say that "Master Baby" is "a masterpiece of design, color and broad execution?" There is much more eulogy of a similar careless variety, but enough has been quoted here to show that the world must entirely revise its opinions of art if "The Encyclopædia Britannica's" statements are to be accepted.

Even the pictures of Paul Wilson Steer are criticised favorably: "His figure subjects and landscapes show great originality and technical skill." And John Pettie was "in his best days a colorist of a high order and a brilliant executant." Sir George Reid, the Scottish artist, is accorded over half a column with detailed criticism and praise. Frederick Walker is given no less than an entire column which ends with a paragraph of fulsome eulogy. Even Sir E. A. Waterlow painted landscapes which were "admirable" and "handled with grace and distinction"—more gaudy generalizations. When the Encyclopædia's critics can find no specific point to praise in the work of their countrymen, grace, distinction, elegance and sentiment are turned into æsthetic virtues.

Turning to Hogarth, we find no less than three and one-half pages devoted to him, more space than is given to Rubens' biography, and three times the space accorded Veronese. It was once thought that Hogarth was only an "ingenious humorist," but "time has reversed that unjust sentence." We then read that Hogarth's composition leaves "little or nothing to be desired." If such were the case, he would unquestionably rank with Rubens, Michelangelo and Titian; for, if indeed his composition

leaves little or nothing to be desired, he is as great as, or even greater than, the masters of all time. But even with this eulogy the Encyclopædia's critic does not rest content. As a humorist and a satirist upon canvas, "he has never been equalled." If we regard Hogarth as an "author" rather than artist, "his place is with the great masters of literature—with the Thackerays and Fieldings, the Cervantes and Molières." (Note that of these four "great masters," two are English.)

Mastery in one form or another, if "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is to be believed, was common among English painters. The pictures of Richard Wilson are "skilled and learned compositions . . . the work of a painter who was thoroughly master of his materials." In this latter respect Mr. Wilson perhaps stands alone among the painters of the world; and yet, through some conspiracy of silence no doubt, the leading critics of other nations rarely mention him when speaking of those artists who thoroughly mastered their materials. In regard to Raeburn, the Encyclopædia is less fulsome, despite the fact that over a page is allotted him. We are distinctly given to understand that he had his faults. Velasquez, however, constantly reminded Wilkie of Raeburn; yet, after all, Raeburn was not quite so great as Velasquez. This is frankly admitted.

It was left to Reynolds to equal if not to surpass Velasquez as well as Rubens and Rembrandt. In a two-page glorification of this English painter we come upon the following valuation: "There can be no question of placing him by the side of the greatest Venetians or of the triumvirate of the seventeenth century, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez." If by placing him beside these giants is meant that he in any wise approached their stature, there can be, and has been, outside of England, a very great question of putting him in such company. In fact, his right to such a place has been very definitely denied him. But the unprejudiced opinion of the world matters little to "The Encyclopædia Britannica." It goes on to say that in portraits, such as "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," Reynolds "holds the field. . . . No portrait painter has been more happy in his poses for single figures." Then, as if this were not enough, we are told that "nature had singled out Sir Joshua to endow him with certain gifts in which he has hardly an equal."

Nature, it seems, in her singling out process, was particularly partial to Englishmen, for among those other painters who just barely equalled Reynolds' transcendent genius was Gainsborough. Says the Encyclopædia: "Gainsborough and Reynolds rank side by side. . . . It is difficult to say which stands the higher of the two." Consequently hereafter we must place Gainsborough, too, along with Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt and Velasquez! Such a complete revision of æsthetic judgment will, no doubt, be difficult at first, but, by living with "The Encyclopædia Britannica" and absorbing its British culture, we may in time be able to bracket Michelangelo, Reynolds, Rubens, Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Hogarth and Velasquez without the slightest hesitation. It is difficult to conceive how, in an encyclopædia with lofty educational pretences, extravagance of statement could attain so high a point as that reached in the biographies of Reynolds and Gainsborough. So obviously indefensible are these valuations that I would hesitate to accuse the Encyclopædia's editors of deliberate falsification—that is of purposely distorting æsthetic values for the benefit of English artists. Their total lack of discretion indicates an honest, if blind, belief in British æsthetic supremacy. But this fact does not lessen the danger of such judgments to the American public. As a nation we are ignorant of painting and therefore are apt to accept statements of this kind which have the impact of seeming authority behind them.

The same insular and extravagant point of view is discoverable in the article on Turner. To this painter nearly five pages are devoted—a space out of all proportion to the biographies of the other

painters of the world. Titian has only three and one-half pages; Rubens has only a little over three pages; and El Greco has less than two-thirds of a page! Of course, it is not altogether fair to base a judgment on space alone; but such startling discrepancies are the rule and not the exception.

In the case of Turner, the discrepancy is not only of space, however. In diction, as well, all relative values are thrown to the winds. In this article on Turner we find English patriotism at its high-water mark. We read that "the range of his powers was so vast that he covered the whole field of nature and united in his own person the classical and naturalistic schools." Even this palpable overstatement, however, could be forgiven, since it has a basis of truth, if a little further we did not discover that Turner's "Crossing the Brook" in the London National Academy is "probably the most perfect landscape in the world." In this final and irrevocable judgment is manifest the supreme insular egotism which characterizes nearly all the art articles in "The Encyclopædia Britannica." This criticism, to take merely one example, means that "Crossing the Brook" is more perfect than Rubens' "Landscape with Chateau de Stein!" But the Encyclopædia's summary of Turner's genius surpasses in flamboyant chauvinism anything which I have yet seen in print. It is said that, despite any exception we may take to his pictures, "there will still remain a body of work which for extent, variety, truth and artistic taste is like the British fleet among the navies of the world." Here patriotic fervor has entirely swallowed all restraint.

Over a page is devoted to Constable, in which we are informed that his "vivid tones and fresh color are grafted upon the formulæ of Claude and Rubens." This type of criticism is not rare. One frequently finds second-rate English artists compared not unfavorably to the great artists of other nations; and it would seem that the English painters add a little touch of their own, the imputation being that they not seldom improve upon their models. Thus Constable adds "vivid tones and fresh colors" to Rubens' formula. Another instance of this kind is to be found in the case of Alfred Stevens. The vigorous strength of his groups "recalls the style of Michelangelo, but Stevens' work throughout is original and has a character of its own." I do not deny that Stevens imitated Michelangelo, but, where English artists are concerned, these relationships are indicated in deceptive phraseology. In the case of French artists, whose biographies are sometimes written by unbiased critics, the truth is not hidden in dictatorial suavities. Imitation is not made a virtue.

Let us now turn to Watts. Over two pages are accorded him, one page being devoted largely to eulogy, a passage of which reads: "It was the rare combination of supreme handicraft with a great imaginative intellect which secured to Watts his undisputed place in the public estimation of his day." Furthermore, we hear of "the grandeur and dignity of his style, the ease and purposefulness of his brushwork, the richness and harmoniousness of his coloring." But those "to whom his exceptional artistic attainment is a sealed book have gathered courage or consolation from the grave moral purpose and deep human sympathy of his teaching." Here we have a perfect example of the not infrequent moral uplift in British art criticism. But this is by no means the only example of the great Presbyterian complex which is to be found in the judgments of "The Encyclopædia Britannica."

So important a consideration to the Encyclopædia's critico-moralists is this puritan motif that the fact is actually set down that Millais was devoted to his family! One wonders how much influence this domestic devotion had on the critic who spends a page and a half to tell us of Millais, for not only is this space far in excess of Millais' importance, but the statement is made that he was "one of the greatest painters of his time," and that "he had not only the imagination of an idealist, but he could paint what

he saw with a force which has seldom been excelled." Unfortunately the few who excelled him are not mentioned. Perhaps he stood second only to Turner, that super-dreadnought. Surely he was not excelled by Renoir, or Courbet, or Pissarro, or Monet, or Manet, or Cézanne; for these latter are given very little space (the greatest of them having no biography whatever in the Encyclopædia!); and there is no evidence to show that they are considered of more than minor importance.

Perhaps it was Rossetti, a fellow Pre-Raphaelite, who excelled him in painting what he saw. Rossetti's "The Song of Solomon," as regards brilliance, finish and the splendor of its lighting, "occupies a great place in the highest grade of modern art of all the world." Even Holman Hunt, one of the lesser Pre-Raphaelites, is given over a full page and is spoken of in glowing terms. "Perhaps no painter of the nineteenth century," we read, "produced so great an impression by a few pictures as did" Hunt; and during the course of the eulogy the critic speaks of Hunt's "greatness." Can it be that this naïf critic has never heard of Courbet, or Manet, or of the Impressionists, or Cézanne? After so sweeping and unreasoned a statement as the one concerning the great impression made by Hunt's pictures, such an extreme conclusion is almost inevitable. Or is the critic's patriotic vanity such that he considers an impression made in England as representative of the world? Even to intimate that the impression made by Hunt's pictures was comparable to that made by "L'Enterrement à Ornans" or "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," or that the Pre-Raphaelites possessed even half the importance of Courbet and Manet, is to carry undeserved laudation to preposterous lengths.

Here as elsewhere, superlatives are used in such a way in describing unimportant English painters that no adequate adjectives are left for the truly great men of other nationality. It would be difficult to find a better example of undeserving eulogy as applied to an inconsequential British painter than that furnished by Brangwyn, whose compositions, we are astonished to learn, have "a nobly impressive and universal character." Such a statement might justly sum up the greatness of a Michelangelo statue; but here it is attached to the works of a man who at best is no more than a capable and clever illustrator.

The foregoing examples by no means include all the instances of how English painters, as a result of the liberal space allotted them and the lavish encomiums heaped upon them by "The Encyclopædia Britannica's" editors, are unduly expanded into great and important figures. A score of other names could be mentioned. From beginning to end, English art is emphasized and lauded until it is out of all proportion to the rest of the world.

Turn to the articles on "Painting" and look at the sub-title "Recent Schools." Under "British" you will find twelve columns, with inset headings. Under "French" you will find only seven columns, without insets. Practically all the advances made in modern art have come out of France; and practically all important modern painters have been Frenchmen. England has contributed little or nothing to modern painting. And yet, recent British schools are given nearly twice the space that is devoted to recent French schools! Again regard the article, "Sculpture is given no less than thirteen and a half collocationment exists here. Modern British sculpture." Even a greater and more astonishing disproportion, while modern French sculpture, of vastly greater æsthetic importance, is given only seven and a-half columns!

Thus does "The Encyclopædia Britannica" distort the facts and misrepresent conditions. Thus is the pap of fictitious English importance forced into the mouths of Americans. Thus are the uninformed of this country deceived by the integuments of pseudoglorious in which British mediocrity is clothed.

(Next week Mr. Wright will show in what an inadequate and unjust manner "The Encyclopædia Britannica" deals with French and American art.—The Editor.)

Society's Misfits

By Alpheus Stewart

That the reformatories which deal with incorrigible or neglected humanity in its youthful stages are nothing more than preparatory schools for the penitentiary, is the conclusion of Madeleine Z. Doty, a member of the New York Commission on Prison Reform, in her book, "Society's Misfits" (Century Co., New York). Miss Doty has long been a worker for a better adjustment along these lines and her knowledge is derived from experience of the operation of children's courts, reformatories and penitentiaries.

As a fellow-worker with Thomas Mott Osborne, she was an imitator of him to the extent of spending a week as a convict in Auburn penitentiary, and although sustained by the fact that her incarceration was voluntary and the knowledge that it was to last but a week, she found the experience well nigh unbearable. She discovered that the grossest stupidity was the leading characteristic of the management of the woman's department; that while there was not much of what might exactly be called brutality, the prison life was wholly devoid of a ray of humanity or sympathy on the part of the officers. The female wardens were mostly ignorant and devoid of any conception that their charges were human beings. The life was restricted by a multitude of senseless and therefore entirely unnecessary rules, which, instead of preserving discipline, were calculated to encourage the reverse. She thinks that a long endurance of such a system would make of any ordinary human being a defiant criminal, even though on incarceration the individual had no particular tendency towards crime. Her incarceration resulted in a number of reforms in the woman's department of Auburn.

Far more interesting and important, however, is her indictment of what she describes as the kindergartens of the penitentiaries—the reformatories. She describes the life in these institutions and the brutal indifference exhibited by the system to the ordinary human claims of youth. It is the lack of this human element which she condemns in unreserved terms. For the warmth of human interest, for a mother's love and understanding, the children in all these institutions find substituted the cold and merciless operation of a machine. For instance, she tells us that one of the rules of all the institutions is that a child can write but one letter a month, and not then if he has broken any of the rules. All letters are censored by the authorities, and complaints against the institution are not permitted. She asks why any child should not be permitted to write to his mother, and as fully and as confidentially as he likes, at any time. Her conclusion as to the effect of this life on humanity at its most formative stage may be summed up as follows: "It is the clever bad boy who flourishes in the gray deadness of a reformatory. Out of the welter of misery, with cunning and strength he emerges. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. The fittest in a reformatory is the bully and degenerate. He usurps

the play space at play-time and dominates wherever he goes. By underground methods he spreads his contamination and stirs to action. So gangsters and gunmen are made and society pays."

All influences of the home and home-life are absent from these institutions, and one is convinced that the evils permitted are the more culpable in that they are so wholly unnecessary. Miss Doty makes the surprising statement that *two-thirds of the convicts now in penitentiaries have in youth been inmates of reformatories*. And this should prove her finding that the reformatory is the preparatory school of the penitentiary. She thinks that the industrial departments of all these state institutions are almost entirely ineffective. They teach nothing that will enable the worker to meet conditions on the outside; they accomplish nothing for the state.

In contrast to conditions in this country, she gives a view of the Little Com-

monwealth, which receives much of the output of the children's courts of London. On the board of directors of this institution are such people as Earl Grey, the Duchess of Marlborough and the Earl of Sandwich. There are no walls or bars there, because they are not needed. The institution is a farm where the children live in cottages. The community disciplines and governs itself, the great lesson being thus inculcated that the right way is the best way, because it pays. Mr. Homer Lane, the American manager of the institution, welcomes the most incorrigible, because he is convinced that badness is but perverted goodness and that the thing to do is to get the case right-side-up.

The author terms the Little Commonwealth a reformatory that really reforms.

While she tells us the stories of many individuals who have "graduated" from the reform school to the penitentiary, it is a matter of regret that Miss Doty is not more specific in dealing with the various institutions. One feels that they should be indicted by name.

Whatever one may decide as to the proper treatment of convicts, it is certain that one must agree that the treatment of the youth confined in so-called reformatories should have but one end, and that is reformation where the inmates have committed breaches against society. Miss Doty has pointed to the



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place where reform cannot help but have effective results. And that these places need reform is incontestably shown by the fact that two-thirds of the convict population of penitentiaries are "graduates" of reform schools. Doubtless here is a book which will accomplish great good.

Letters From the People

Praise for Whitman

Chicago, Nov. 20, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Another recent tribute to Whitman, besides those mentioned by Henry S. Saunders in last week's MIRROR, is that of George Moore in "The Dusk of the Gods" (*Atlantic Monthly* for last August). He says:

"Only one great artist is necessary to save the self-respect of a nation, and you Americans have produced two. That is enough. One was a painter, one of the greatest who ever lived: Whistler. The other was a poet. . . . Edgar Poe was a fine artist, much greater than Tennyson, though his lyre was small. But if the works of all your men of letters except one must be burned, if the writers and critics now living were called together and asked to choose what single American writer should be saved, it would be unpardonable to hesitate, even though the hesitation endured but for a moment. The best of Whitman's poems are among the grandest ever written. Hawthorne, Poe and your lesser men—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell—must take their hats off to Whitman."

Yours very truly,

U. A. H. GREENE.

The Scythian Lamb

By Harry B. Kennon

"On the west side of the Volga is a great dry and waste heath, called the Step. On this heath is a strange kind of fruit found, called 'Baromez' or 'Barnitsch,' from the word 'Boran,' which is a 'Lamb' in the Russian tongue, because of its form and appearance much resembling a sheep, having head, feet and tail. Its skin is covered with a down very white and as soft as silk. —It grows upon a low stalk, about two and a half feet high, some higher, and is supported just at the navel. The head hangs down, as if it pastured or fed on the grass, and when the grass decays it perishes: but this I ever looked on as ridiculous; although when I suggested that the languishing of the plant might be caused by some temporary want of moisture, the people asservated to me with many oaths that they have often, out of curiosity, made experiment of that by cutting away the grass, upon which it instantly fades away. Certain it is that there is nothing which is more coveted by wolves than this, and the inward parts of it are more congeneric with the anatomy of a lamb than mandrakes are with men. However, what I might further say of this fruit, and what I believe of the wonderful operations of a secret sympathy in Nature, I shall rather keep to myself than aver, or impose upon the

reader with many other things which I am sensible would appear incredible to those who had not seen them."

Thus Jean de Struys, writing at Amsterdam in 1861, and one wishes he had told more of this strange beast-plant, particularly as he states with much indirection that he knows all about it. But if a teller of tall travelers' tales prefers not to tell all he knows, perhaps Dr. Erasmus Darwin, poetizing in 1789, "to inlist Imagination under the banner of Science" may be more illuminating:

"Cradled in snow, and fann'd by Arctic air
Shines, gentle Barometz! thy golden hair;
Rooted in earth each cloven hoof descends,
And round and round her flexile neck she bends;
Crops the gray coral moss, and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue the melting rime;
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,
Or seems to bleat, a Vegetable Lamb."

Now had that rhyming occurred in "Alice in Wonderland," we should have known all there was to know about the Scythian Lamb just as we know all about the Jabberwock; but what in the world is Erasmus, famous father of a famous son, giving us in the name of Science? But we shall not be left in the dark regarding this marvelous lamb, or zoöphyte, an animal growing on a tree! "The name of this fabulous crea-

ture finally became fixed as the Scythian lamb, through confusion with Indo-Scythia; and subsequently also as the Tartary lamb, because 'Tartary' was loosely used to denote Scythia, and also because nomadic Tartar merchants brought with them in their caravans, together with the fleece of Tartary sheep and goats, 'the fine white wool that grew on trees' in India. . . . It was not until 1887 that Mr. Henry Lee, acting on an ingenious guess of Erman's, conclusively identified the 'Vegetable Lamb of Tartary' with the cotton boll which Alexander the Great had discovered in India."

So, you see, the Scythian lamb so strangely reported was neither more nor less than the beneficent cotton plant. Jean de Struys opened up sufficiently to let the world know of its "down very white and as soft as silk," and Erasmus Darwin's poetic crowning of the creature with golden hair was prophetic: 1916 cotton has sold as high as twenty cents a pound, and in 1914-15 America grew 16,500,000 five-hundred-pound bales against all the world's 29,400,000. "Golden hair?" The new golden fleece!

Mr. Reedy, knowing the writer to be "Way down South in the Land of Cotton

Cinnamon, cane and sandy bottom," and knowing him to have cotton on the brain, mailed him a book from which the foregoing curious excerpts have been taken; a book in which the author thus pleasantly introduces himself:—"It was in the Bodleian Library, while

rummaging among the quaint and musty index papers of the Upper Reading Room, that I heard one capped and gowned librarian muttering to another, as with an air of offended dignity: 'Writing on cotton! Why on earth should he want to write on such a subject as that?'"

Here is the author's answer: "To trace the skeins of this fleecy white fiber through mazes of fable and fact, from its cradle in India, where Alexander discovered it, to modern England by tortuous and slow stages through Egypt, Rome and Spain; to tell the story of its revolutionary influence in Great Britain and to suggest its wholly unappreciated effect on the history of the United States; to show the personalities and depict the times of some of the men whom it influenced and who in turn lent their vigor to increase its strength; and, finally, to indicate the peculiar importance of cotton in contemporary world trade, and its relation to the Great War, is the object of the following pages."

High aspiration informs that answer, and the man has the vigor to write four hundred and fifty-seven pages—courteous Acknowledgment, intriguing Table of Contents, illuminating Appendix, and useful Index included—with such animation that even his statistics smile: pages replete with scholarly research so comprehensive as to neglect neither Owen Wister nor Harold Bell Wright; with humor, too; and with information that carries the reader on to the end as if he were reading a

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book of adventure—which he is. Cotton is king and his kingdom is the world we live in, a kingdom infinitely more interesting than "Graustark." At the risk of consuming more MIRROR space than permitted a book review, a whole chapter shall be quoted: Chapter 54.

Cotton Localizes Secession

"It seems as clear as day that the doctrine of Secession did not become exclusively Southern and sectional until the Great Controversies drove it over to the Southern alinement. As with the questions of states' rights and slavery, so also in this case the far-reaching influence of the huge cotton industry wove its potent political spell. Cotton made the South a free trade section and the North protective; cotton lured the South back to slavery; cotton drove the South to seek the annexation of new lands for its plentiful production, and to insist on the maintenance of slave labor on those lands to produce it; cotton drove the South to an extreme states' rights position in those great Congressional struggles in which the efforts for territorial expansion became inextricably involved; and cotton at last drove the South to translate extreme states' rights into the terms of Secession, while the North step by step lined up on the opposite side of all these questions, which at first had not been sectional at all."

This is part of the pattern woven into this tapestry of Cotton. "It is little wonder that this plant has laid hold on the imagination of men throughout the world in various ages. Known to the people of India for two thousand years before Alexander's soldiers discovered it there, and plied by Hindu fingers on primitive looms into fabrics so fair and delicate as to evoke the poetic description of 'webs of the woven wind,' cotton wended its triumphant way westward with the course of empire, itself a captain of civilization, clothing Mark Antony's soldiers in the heat of the fierce Egyptian summer, bringing fame to Barcelona in the manufacture of sail cloth, enriching Venice and Milan with fustians and dimities, and producing as by magic the industrial transformation of England, until at last in the new western world it wove itself inextricably into the web of the national history, and now shuttles all the oceans with bands of intercourse and trade."

It took a poet of economics to pen those lines as it took a poet of history, business and politics to write many of the pages of this fine work; a book that should be read by high school scholars and collegians, by women who will thereafter find a spool of thread a symbol of reality and romance, by merchants who will find their wares glowing with adventure, by every one who uses cotton. And who does not?

"You get up in the morning from a bed, clothed in cotton. You step out on a cotton rug. You let in the light by raising a cotton window shade. You wash with soap made partly from cottonseed oil products. You dry your face on a cotton towel. You array yourself chiefly in cotton clothing. The 'silk' in which your wife dresses is probably mercerized cotton. At the breakfast table you do not get away from King Cotton; cottolene has probably taken the place of lard in the biscuit you eat. The beef and mutton

were probably fattened on cottonseed meal and hulls. Your 'imported olive oil' is more likely from a Texas cotton farm than from an Italian villa. Your 'butter' is probably a product of Southern cottonseed. The coal that burns in the fire may have been mined by the light of a cotton oil lamp. The sheep from which your woolen clothing came were probably fed on cottonseed. The tonic you take may contain an extract of cotton root-bark. The tobacco you smoke not unlikely grew under a cotton cover and is put up in a cotton bag. Your morning daily may be printed on cotton waste paper—and even in that skirmish it tells about, the contending forces were clothed in khaki duck, slept under cotton tents, cotton was an essential in the high explosives that were used, and when at last war had done its worst, surgery itself called cotton into requisition to aid the injured and the dying."

The author is here quoting an enthusiastic and unusually well-informed professor of agriculture in North Carolina. Giving credit always, he freely takes from mind spindles, from Nearchus to Bernard Shaw, thread of thought for the weaving of his fine, firm fabric. He has the gift of making solidity fascinating without detracting from the truth of it. He has written a book invaluable for reference, delightful to read and a privilege to review; a book to own. The name of the book is "Cotton as a World Power;" the author's name is James A. B. Scherer; it is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company; price, \$2.00. Buy it.

ATLANTA, TEXAS.

Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

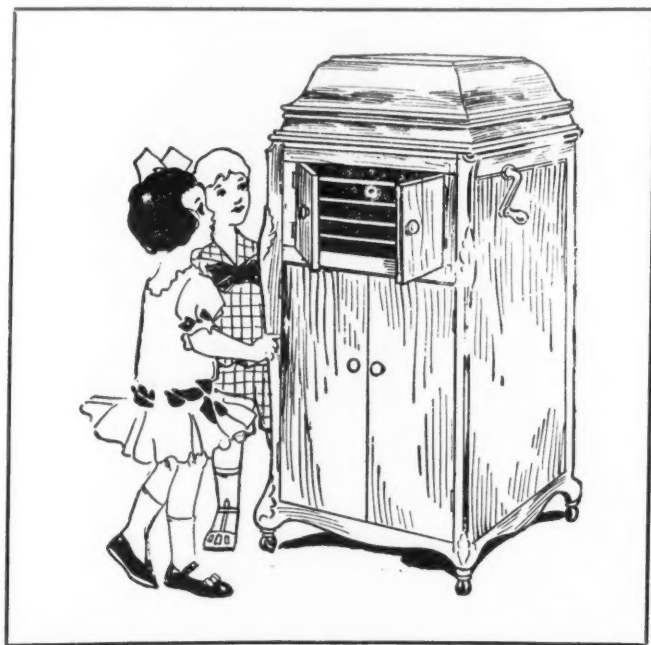
Some Recent Concerts.

Mr. Charles Wakefield Cadman gave an interesting talk on Indian music at the Wednesday Club on November 9, under the auspices of the St. Louis Morning Choral Club. He was assisted by the Princess Tsianina (pronounced Cheeneenah) who sang a number of tribal melodies and idealized arrangements by Cadman himself of Indian songs. One of the striking incidents of the entertainment was the singing of three examples of primitive sacred music, an Omaha Tribal Prayer sung in the Indian tongue, a Gregorian Chant of the Seventh Century in Latin, and an Ancient Egyptian Chant of the Copts in Arabic. There was a remarkable similarity in all three selections; the pentatonic scale or scale of five tones was common to all three songs, and a beautiful tranquil dignity of spirit informed each and every number. The Princess gave a distinct touch of pathos to Cadman's "The Moon Drops Low," which might be called the death song of the Omaha Tribe, for she sang it with a concentrated intensity of feeling, a suppression of passion, which was very moving and compelling.

Mr. Cadman exhibited a few native instruments of percussion and played a couple of love songs upon a primitive Indian flageolet. This instrument reproduces the tones of our scale, delightfully out of tune, but gave the true color to the music interpreted. Cadman

has spent a number of years in original research work among the various Indian tribes of this continent and has performed a distinct service, not only to American art, but to the art of the civilized world, in dressing up for modern

consumption these simple, naive, folk tunes of the American Indian. There was a certain monotony in the programme, inevitable, however, under the circumstances. The princess possesses a sweet mezzo-soprano of limited range



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and has the great virtue of distinct enunciation. All in all, a worth-while entertainment. ✧

First Pair of Symphony Concerts.

With an orchestra of eighty men, Mr. Zach is at last in position to interpret the great modern masterpieces of orchestral literature, and last week amply convinced the most skeptical that we have now an efficient working body of instrumentalists who compare favorably with any similar organization in the country. We must not forget for a moment that we hear our visiting orchestras in holiday mood and under the most auspicious conditions. The conductor is careful to play only those compositions which both he and his men have at their finger tips, and the halo which always surrounds a beloved and honored guest adds to the enthusiasm of the evening. Here in St. Louis we see both Zach and his men in their every-day costume. We hear them when our moods vary, when the orchestra is introducing some difficult or complex novelty, and we do not take into consideration all of these things in our judgment of the performance. The work of the orchestra last week calls for no apologies; Strauss' "Don Juan," which would have been quite impossible for us five years ago, was brilliantly performed.

The sensation of the evening was, of course, Mr. Grainger's Suite, "In a Nut-shell," of which I wrote a fragmentary notice two weeks ago. Grainger told me he had never heard the suite performed, as he himself plays the solo piano part. The "Pastoral" is far and away the most interesting number to the musician. Grainger utilizes all of the modern harmonic vocabulary and a good many new combinations of his own, giving us a musical parallel of the confused murmur of sounds which strike us on a still summer eve in the open country. He does not scruple to cast to the winds all the time-honored injunctions of the theorists, and his "free harmonic habit," as he expresses it, was delightfully in evidence. The "Gum Suckers' March" is a roystering, rollicking, Irish-American ragtime movement.

Grainger is the most refreshing apparition we have ever had on the Odeon stage. His piano playing in the Grieg Concerto was masculine, buoyant and inspiring in the best sense of the word, and in his composition he has gotten away from all our modern morbid introspection and seems to be having a "bully time." The audience responded to his infectious gaiety and enthusiasm and there was no doubt in their minds that they were in the presence of a man of unquestioned originality of idea and of fearless courage in carrying out those ideas. Whether you really liked the music is another question. The so-called sensuous element of beauty which most people take to be the voluptuous element in music is conspicuous by its absence, except in the rarest, briefest phrases; but in its place there is a refreshing tonic quality, a breezy nonchalance which might be the means of giving us a new content in our art. We are heartily sick of the erotic, both in literature and kindred arts, and as Richard Strauss has pointed the way in his later symphonic poems, so our friend Grainger is going back to the primitive expression of primitive peoples in the healthy common

emotions of everyday life, and is incorporating them in his compositions.

Mr. Bollinger's "Sphinx" had its first complete performance at these concerts. There are beautiful moments in the third movement, "The Riddle," and the brightness and swing of the "Village Festival" made a distinctly pleasing impression. The suite as a whole is the work of a serious, high-minded artist, and will gain friends after repeated hearings. It is sometimes necessary to become more closely acquainted with both our human and artistic companions for a correct appreciation of their virtues; and this is true of most great music.

✧✧✧

Kreisler's Coming

Fritz Kreisler, the renowned violinist, will give his annual St. Louis recital at the Odeon, Thanksgiving night. A characteristic Kreisler programme, opening with Sonata in E major and an Adagio and Fugue in G minor by Bach, then a Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski, followed by a group of five compositions by the old Italian and French masters, of whom Kreisler has made an exhaustive study, finding in the neglected archives of seventeenth century Italian composers, some of the choicest offerings for the violin. The fourth and concluding group brings the master violinist to the fore as a composer with a Viennese Melody, Gaertner-Kreisler, ballet music from "Rosamunde," by Schubert Kreisler and Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven) and the Tambourin Chinois by Kreisler. Recitals on the Kreisler order are all too few in St. Louis this season, and Kreisler should have a capacity audience Thanksgiving night.

✧✧✧

At the Theaters

The Mission Play which is the current attraction at the Shubert-Garrick theater is to hold over for a second week, commencing with the performance on next Sunday night. The Mission Play may be said to be the greatest and best in pageantry and drama. It pictures in a succession of beautiful scenes how religion and civilization were first brought to California. The play deals with the Spanish Franciscan Monks and their untiring efforts in redeeming the Red Man to civilization. The first act shows Fray Junipero and his efforts for success in a work that appears fruitless. In the second act he is seen surrounded by the Indians to whom he has brought civilization and his successful upbuilding of a chain of missions, in one of which an Indian girl who has fled from the Spaniards of San Francisco has found refuge, and where her troth is pledged to an Indian youth.

The Mission Play was written and produced by Mr. John Stephen McGroarty, and has caught the reality which is life itself. He has selected a cast for the interpretation of the story that is most excellent and capable and includes some of the best known names on the American stage.

✧

The Hawaiian show at the Park theater this week will be supplanted by the musical comedy, "The Rich Mr. Hog-

genheimer." Sinclair's fantastical revue, "A Hawaiian Follie" (his spelling) is proving one of the most attractive offerings of the season at the Park. The show is costumed with native dress brought from New York. A Hawaiian

native orchestra dispenses minor chords on ukeleles, and Miss Jay Bouton does a quite thrilling Hula Hula dance. The prima donna is Miss Lillian Crosman, who has returned from successes in the East, and the comedian-in-chief is Matt



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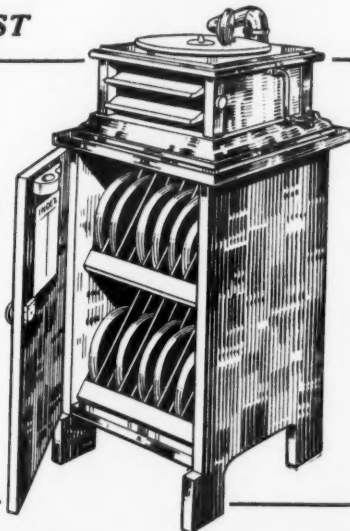
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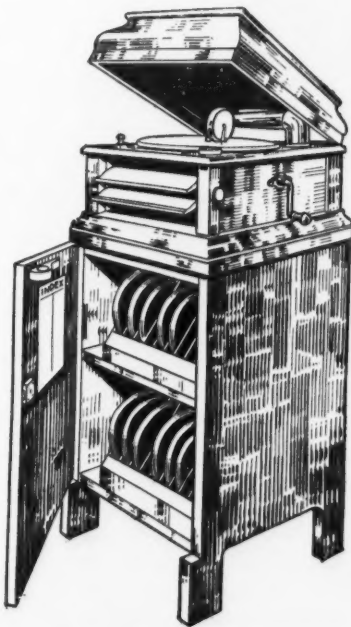
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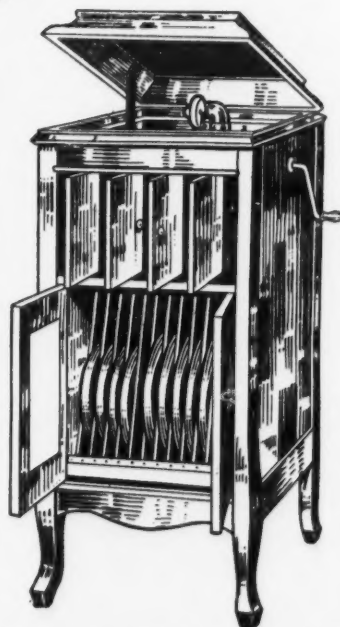


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Hanley, also returned after capturing Broadway. Billy Kent and Jimmie McElhern are doing the heavy comedy work. The chorus has a variety of changes, from sailor boys to Hawaiian belles. Gus Haenschen and Arthur Proetz contribute two songs.

✱

With catchy music and capable soloists to sing it, with lively dances and expert dancers to interpret them, with numerous comedy situations and clever comedians to take advantage of them, and with a foundation for elaborate scenic and costuming embellishments, and the Winter Garden directors to exercise their famed talents and generosity to supply these, "A World of Pleasure," which opens a week's engagement at the Jefferson theater on Sunday night, can truthfully lay claim to the distinction of being the most complete musical extravaganza that ever saw the calcium light of night at the New York Winter Garden. It is reasonable to suppose that a corps of principals which includes Conroy & Le Maire, William Norris, Collins and Hart, the Courtney Sisters, Rosie Quinn, Margaret Edwards, McMahon, Diamond and Chaplow, Franklin Batie, Wanda Lyon and Margaret Healy would give zest and speed to any performance in which they might take part. And the large ensemble which supports these principals gives further verve to the performance. It is a veritable beauty show, the directors of the Winter Garden having sent on tour the choicest selection of the many girls who have participated in the success of their recent productions. Scenically this show surpasses any other Winter Garden show of recent years. There are nine huge scenes unfolded in its two acts, which run the gauntlet from an up-to-date metropolitan employment agency to a huge congress of the soldiers of all nations. There are scenes from the famous Riverside Drive of New York City; a roof garden where Manhattan frolics; Japanese tea rooms, toy shops and ornate ball rooms. The costuming is said to be in splendid keeping with the beauty of the girls and the stage settings it is called upon to adorn. It is a veritable fashion parade with all the latest creations in feminine attire, tantalizingly exhibited on the forms of beautiful and shapely young women.

✱

Ruth St. Denis, supported by Ted Shawn and the fifteen Denishawn Dancers, will be the headliner of the rich bill at the Columbia Theater, beginning with next Monday's matinee. Miss St. Denis and her company offer a review of the Dance Pageant of India, Greece and Egypt, as presented by invitation of the University of California, at the Greek theater at Berkeley, Cal. Miss St. Denis is not only a dancer of marked individuality and ability, but also a creative artist. Among the special dances will be the Peacock, the Nautch Dance and to the music of square tambourines, the Egyptian Dance, taken from a painting on the wall of a rock-cut tomb at Abydos, representing the meeting of Isis and Osiris. Among the young dancers in Miss St. Denis' company are Misses Claire Niles, Florence Andrews, Lochita Monzon, Betty Horst,

Margaret Loomis and Ada Forman, all California girls, trained by Ted Shawn at "Denishawn," Los Angeles. This is the biggest of all high-art dancing troupes. Johnny Dooley and Yvette Rugel offer a new act by Mr. Dooley, with special music numbers by Andrew Byrne, Jr. Brenda Fowler and Company present "The Hyphen," a play by Ethel Clifton. Janet Adair, a St. Louis girl, will be heard in song recitations, assisted by Miss Adephi at the piano. Miss Adair is a successful artist of the Irene Franklin type. G. Aldo Randegger, the leading Italian pianist and composer, offers an international repertoire, including musical numbers of his own. Lou Lockett and Jack Waldron, the musical comedy boys; Sylvia Loyal and her Pierrot in an original act with seventy trained pigeons, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly complete the bill.

✱

Lee Morrison, who dramatized "Three Weeks" and is the author of a number of other successful plays, is responsible for "The Hour of Temptation," which begins a week's engagement at the American, Sunday, with Eleanor Montell in the leading role. This new

drama of American life is full of action and surprises. It would be a shame to spoil the play's story by telling it. Suffice to say it deals with a trusting girl, a deserting husband, a wickedly swift millionaire—named *Montgomery Flagg*—what will the artist of that name say?—the deceived girl turned adventuress, her revenge on her deceiver through his daughter. It is exotically rapid and high-colored melodrama. Eleanor Montell will be seen in the chief role of *Claudia Carter* and will be supported by a cast far above the average, including William Morris, Charles B. Ross, Roma Lauri, Marguerite Von Keese and Ella Morris.

✱

Manager Wallace's vaudeville at the Grand Opera House for Thanksgiving week contains much excellence. Cora Beckwith's Diving Nymphs will give an interesting and instructive exhibition, under the personal direction of Miss Beckwith, champion lady swimmer. The Callerini Four, premier musical artists, will present selections classic and ragtime. Barnes and Robinson are famous singers of popular songs. Leroy and Mabel Hartt are a youthful couple of St. Louisans with charming vocal offer-

ings. Zemater and Smith, comedy bar artists; Hays and Neal, "The Soap Salesmen;" Lavine and Inman, in "Sally's Visit;" Karl Karey, "and a piano;" new

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animated and comedy pictures are other features. A big surprise comedy act will be announced later.

A laughter-provoking comedy, "The Peasant Returned from America," with Director Hans Loebel in the chief role, will be given by the German theater company at the Victoria next Sunday evening. It tells of a German peasant who has spent some time in America and his return to his native land with American notions and ideas; these latter of course occasion considerable confusion, but ultimately good results to all concerned. This comedy proved such a success in Germany that the emperor invited the authors to give a special production in the palace at Potsdam. A special feature of the evening's entertainment will be the Bavarian Verein orchestra and their company of wooden-shoe dancers.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the dramatized version of the popular story of the same title by Kate Douglas Wiggin, will follow "Marrying Money" at the Players' theater, Grand avenue and Olive street, beginning Sunday matinee, and besides providing Mitchell Harris with a fine romantic role, will give the new leading woman, Miss Olive Templeton, an especially charming and appealing part. *Rebecca* is a beautiful character, triumphing over harshness and misunderstanding and finally marrying the school trustee. The story is an idyl. As the stage coach driver, one of the best characters in the book, as well as in the play, the Players' new comedian, Richard Thompson, has a suitable part. Scenically the production will be especially elaborate. An enlarged cast of girls will take part.

Lewis B. Ely, well known novelist, dramatist and newspaper writer, has bought an interest in the Players, and with Mitchell Harris and James Hagerman, Jr., will take part in shaping the policy of the theater and company. His entrance is expected to enliven the Grand and Olive home of the spoken play.

The Wild Turkey

By Charles Frederick Holder

The wild turkey is said to have been brought to America from Spain, and from Asia, and from middle Europe; but the fact is that it is an American bird by the royal right of birth. The proof is that its remains have been found in the marsh lands of New Jersey that were formed in the Quaternary age—probably tens of thousands of years ago.

Of all birds the wild turkey may pretend to be the best known and the most important in an economic sense. It is the first and greatest game bird, and moreover, it occupies a peculiar position in our affections, for in a sense it is a national bird. What would Thanksgiving be without a turkey?

When the Spaniards came to America they found the wild turkey in Mexico, and possibly in Porto Rico and other islands. The Pilgrims found it in New England. The bird then ranged from Ontario, Canada, and the Dakotas to Mexico. Since the bird was easy to

shoot and to trap, it fell a victim to the crude guns of the Pilgrims and became a common article of food. At the Thanksgiving feast with which Governor Bradford celebrated the first crop of the colonies, it was the principal dish. The Thanksgiving-Day idea grew and was perpetuated in many states, and the turkey became intimately associated with all Thanksgiving feasts.

The turkey belongs to the pheasant family, which includes the finest game birds, and in size, beauty and value to man it may be considered to be the king of the tribe. The early Spanish invaders of America sent it to Europe as early as the sixteenth century, and it was soon distributed over Spain and other countries. An old English rhyme runs:

*Turkeys, carps, hoppers, piccarel and beer
Came into England all in one year.*

Archbishop Cranmer refers in his writings to the turkey, and Dugdale, in his "Origines Juridicales," mentions two turkeys and four chicks as a part of a banquet in 1555. That they were not rare is shown by the price, which was four shillings. A French author says that in 1566, turkeys were introduced from some newly discovered "Indian Islands"—doubtless Porto Rico.

The very fact that the turkey is valuable as food has been the means of perpetuating it. Shot down and exterminated in state and territory by the relentless market hunter, it would long ago have disappeared had it not been domesticated and carefully propagated by farmers all over the world. According to the United States census report, four million turkeys are raised in America every year, and the money invested is about eight million dollars annually.

The wild turkey can still be found in very limited numbers in Pennsylvania, in certain Western states, such as Michigan and Wisconsin, and to a greater or less extent from the Chesapeake Bay region to the states that border the Gulf of Mexico. One of the best regions in which to see the bird in its full splendor is the mountains of Arizona, where it will doubtless live for many years to come.

In appearance, the wild turkey challenges admiration. Tall, big, ornamental, it is the game of game. An average turkey is four feet long, and its weight ranges in the different species from fifteen to forty pounds. In the bright sunlight the male *Meleagris gallopavo*, the North American species, gleams and scintillates, displaying a wide range of colors that include green, dull gold, deep black, white, chestnut and dazzling red. Its feathers have a velvet-black tip. Bronze green is the prevailing tint of the secondaries, which are also barred with white with gray tints. The primary feathers, black barred with white, are most conspicuous, but they do not exceed the beauty of the black feathers, rich in purple reflections, that protect the rump. The tail of the cock is a gorgeous ornament when spread out in a fan; the main color is chestnut, barred and vermiculated with vivid black, and near the tip is a broad black band. Each tail feather is tipped with a rich buff.

From that bronze mass of feathers rises the almost naked, featherless neck

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and head, with a skin of brilliant red, dotted here and there with black bristles. The bill and legs are red, and the latter are spurred. From the breast hangs a bunch of black bristles, and from over the nose a pendulous, red, fleshy object swings to and fro, giving the turkey a jaunty and debonair appearance.

The female wild turkey is smaller than the male. Its plumage lacks the metallic luster, and the peculiar breast bunch of bristles is missing.

All the turkeys known to-day—and there are several species—are descended from this wild turkey.

One species is the Mexican turkey, *Meleagris mexicana*. It does not stand so high as the American bird, but it is very beautiful. Its body feathers are dark, almost black, yet have a metallic bronze glow in the vivid sunlight of Mexico. The Aztecs, Mayas and other races that had a highly developed civilization ages before Columbus discovered America, used those birds in their feasts.

Farther south, in Honduras, there is still another species—the most beautiful of the entire tribe. The general color of the bird is a rich bronze green.

The white turkeys, known as the White Hollands, from a mistaken impression that they came from Holland, are sports or albinos. Crested turkeys are occasionally found, but they are accidents. A variety that is recognized as the Rio Grande turkey ranges the northeastern part of Mexico and southeastern Texas, and still another smaller variety is found in southern Florida.

Aside from the varieties and species mentioned above, there are certain minor differences among turkeys recognized by breeders. Thus in America six varieties are known among tame or domesticated birds. Those are the Narragansett, Bronze, Buff, Slate, Black and White. The largest are the Bronze and Narragansett birds. Third in commercial rank stands the White. The Buff and Slate are of medium size, and the so-called Black turkey is the smallest and most undesirable.

The wild turkey loves fairly open, wooded regions, through which it can wander freely, feeding on nuts, insects and tender vegetation. It roams about in bands, keeping mainly to the ground, running with remarkable speed when chased, and flying well for so large a bird.

The courtships of many birds are an extraordinary spectacle, but that of the turkey leads them all in pompous display, exaggerated conceit and insufferable complacency. With tail expanded, head thrown back, wings dropped and cutting the soil or leaves, the turkey gobbler, with his laughable "notes," is the Beau Brummel of bird creation. The female, a demure bird compared to the cock, builds a rude nest comparable to that of some gulls—a mere depression lined with leaves or some soft material. There, if the hen is in her prime, she will lay from six or eight to a dozen large, brown-spotted or flecked eggs. In the third season young hens lay six or seven eggs, and the next season eight or nine. The fourth season appears to be the most productive; after that the eggs decrease in number.

The hen turkey is watchful of the

eggs, for sometimes the gobblers in a fit of rage or possibly of jealousy destroy the eggs or even the young. The young of the wild turkey are attractive little creatures; their color—a yellowish buff, darker above—is almost identical with that of the common bronze young turkeys of our farmyards.

After the advent of the young, the gobbler, so attentive before, deserts the hen and her chicks; the mother alone rears the delicate young, watching them assiduously until they are able to protect themselves. From that time on the young are unusually hardy.

The young turkeys subsist mostly on insects, such as grasshoppers, and spend the greater part of their time in searching for them. As they grow older they include in their diet seeds, berries, delicate buds, grain, grapes and, later, acorns and chestnuts.

Often several birds join forces, and you will see the splendid spectacle of a large flock wandering deliberately through the forests. As the birds grow, the old gobblers that deserted them at birth join them. If in their wandering the flock comes to a river, they cross it on the wing. They have been known to fly more than half a mile. Their chief method of escape is to run; they have remarkable speed, and in certain regions afford sport to mounted hunters with greyhounds.

The turkey is sly and seemingly clever at times; generally, however, it is very stupid. At night it roosts on the limbs of trees. The domestic bird has the same strong inclination; even in the coldest weather it wishes to roost on low limbs or branches outdoors.

The Pilgrims trapped the birds by leading them along a grain-covered trench into an absurdly simple trap, where the stupid turkeys remained merely because the restricted light came from above, and they looked up instead of down. That trap is used to-day. Indeed, the stupidity of the bird has had much to do with its approaching extinction. It is shot from ambush and lured by calls that imitate the male or female.

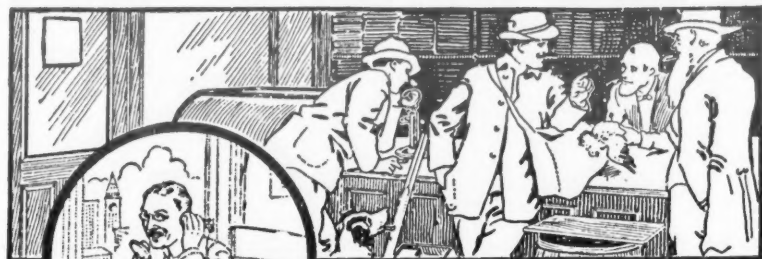
No bird is so much surrounded by a glamour of romance as the turkey; and although few birds are so well known, no one can definitely give the reason for its name. Some believe that this bird with its fez-like pendant came from Turkey; others think that the bird derives its name from one of its own notes, which resembles the word.

The wild turkey is fast disappearing; if we wish to save it from extinction, we should give it the aid of sustaining laws in all regions where it is found.—*From The Youth's Companion.*

♦♦♦

The Symphony Programmes

Mr. Victor Lichtenstein is giving a series of Wednesday morning lectures, at 10:30, in the congregational house of Temple Israel, on the symphony programmes of the season. The lectures are musically illustrated at the piano by Mr. Sol Lichtenstein. Tickets for the course, \$5.00. Address all communications to Victor Lichtenstein, 4328 Maryland avenue.



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This Week's Symphony

An unusual event connected with the symphony concerts this week, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, will be the participation of a guest conductor, Edgar Stillman Kelley, who comes to St. Louis from Cincinnati to conduct his own orchestra suite. Mr. Kelley arrived in St. Louis Wednesday morning, to take part in the succeeding rehearsals of his work, which is programmed as a Chinese suite, "Aladdin," and is based on the old "Arabian Nights" story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." Many Chinese themes are used in the construction of the composition; and by skillful combinations of the ordinary orchestral instruments the composer has succeeded in securing remarkable resemblances to the voicing of some of the oriental instruments.

The other numbers included in the programme are the Overture to Smetana's opera, "The Sold Bride," one of the most pleasing and popular of overtures, and the Rachmaninow E minor Symphony. This work of the modern Russian composer was given its first performance here early last season. It is a very meritorious work, and its reappearance on a symphony programme will doubtless be welcomed by those who heard it before.

Guest-Conductor,
EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.
Overture to "Die verkaufte Braut" Smetana
Symphony in E Minor, Opus 27 Rachmaninow

I. Largo; Allegro moderato.
II. Allegro molto.
III. Adagio.
IV. Allegro vivace.

"Aladdin," a Chinese Suite, Opus 10 Kelley

I. At the Wedding of Aladdin and the Princess.
II. In the Palace Garden—Serenade.
III. The Flight of the Genius with the Princess.
IV. The Return—Feast of Lanterns.

The following programme will be presented at the popular concert at the

Odeon Sunday afternoon:

- Soloist, Walter Greene, Baritone.
1. Huldigungsmarsch, from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" Suite Grieg
 2. Overture to "Zanetta" Auber
 3. Prologue, from "I Pagliacci" Leoncavallo
 4. Selection from "Madame Butterfly" Puccini
 5. (a) "Le Baiser d'Eunice," from "Quo Vadis" Nougues (First time)
(b) "Miss Butterfly" Waltz Nedbal (First time)
 6. Songs with piano:
(a) "The Bird of the Wilderness" Horsman
(b) "Night" Brown
(c) "A Dissonance" Borodin
(d) "A Song of Liberty" Fox
 7. "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkure" Wagner

Walter Greene, the soloist, a former St. Louisan, has been located for some years in the East, during which time he has sung in oratorio and recital throughout the country and attained a nationwide reputation as one of the foremost American baritones. He will also be the soloist at the concert which the Symphony Orchestra is to give in East St. Louis next Tuesday evening, at which the following programme will be presented:

Overture to "Der Freischutz" Weber
Symphony No. 8, in B Minor ("Unfinished") Schubert
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.
Prologue, from "I Pagliacci" Leoncavallo
Overture, "1812" Tschalkowsky

Prelude in F Jarnefelt
Symphonic Poem, "Finlandia" Sibelius
Songs with Piano:

- (a) "The Bird of the Wilderness" Horsman
(b) "Night" Brown
(c) "A Dissonance" Borodin
(d) "A Song of Liberty" Fox
Ballet Music from "Le Cid" Massenet
I. Castillane.
II. Andalous.
III. Aragonaise.
IV. Aubade.
V. Madrilene.
VI. Navarraise.

The Prince and the Heiress

By Margaret B. Downing

Washington has been agog over a marriage *a la mode*: an Italian Prince of an ancient and impoverished line and an attractive young heiress, resident in that city, to-wit, Prince Andrea Buoncompagni-Ludovisi of Rome, and Miss Margaret Preston Draper, daughter of the late General William Franklin Draper, of Hopedale, Mass., sometime American ambassador to Italy. It was a very grand affair. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons lent the dignity of his presence and the splendor of his robes to the notable scene; the bride was sweet and blushing, the groom martial looking as a cavalryman should be and quite at ease among bejewelled ambassadors and their resplendent ladies. To judge by the reams of descriptive matter which went out of Washington, this was an event of sufficient importance to crowd upon the news of the presidential contest and the nation-wide antics of spellbinders.

It is a matter of general comment

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how alluring American heiresses are to the Italian nobleman, especially those who are sons of second sons of houses whereof the principal heir inherits nothing but debts. This is just the state of affairs with Prince Andrea. Yet he has won a bride who has a present fortune of something approaching two million dollars, with twice that sum in prospect as the only heir of her mother.

One-third of her fortune had to be turned over for investment in Italian securities—rather shaky just now—and will pass under the control of her noble husband. The remainder will continue invested in the cotton manufactory plants of her father, but while she resides in Italy the income of this can fall a prey to the prince. If he turns out like some of the Italian nobles purchased at an excessive price by American heiresses—for instance, that Prince Colonna whom Eva Bryant Mackay married under just as brilliant auspices as Miss Draper was wed to her prince—the pretty young bride will have no recourse. But with the picture of the brilliant nuptials so fresh in memory, this seems the veriest croaking, and no doubt thousands of American girls, reading all about it, sigh and think how nice it is to be a princess.

Prince Andrea has followed the fashion of his family in marrying an heiress, and indeed it was necessary for him to make a supreme effort—some of his friends even hint, a supreme sacrifice. When Gen. William Franklin Draper was sent to Rome he leased a home for the American embassy in what is called the Ludovisi quarter of the Eternal City, a part of the former patrimony of the family into which his daughter has now married. The Buoncompagni-Ludovisi had gone to smash on land speculation and the ruin was complete in all its details and involved every branch. So the opulent American manufacturer, a self-made man, by the by, and of plain, honest manufacturing folks of Lowell, Mass., became a patron of the unhappy nobles, purchased as many of their treasures as they would dare sell under the law which Italy had lately passed regarding works of art, and, to be brief, behaved generously and benevolently. Naturally the families soon got on terms of easy friendship and the *grande dames* of the various branches became useful to Mrs. Draper, who was inordinately ambitious and desirous of seeing the inner sanctum of the aristocracy. But though General Draper purchased lavishly of marbles and tapestries, rugs and carvings of the Ludovisi estates, it is problematic whether he would ever have gone to the lengths of spending such a vast sum to secure young Prince Andrea for his youngest daughter. This piece of maneuvering must be placed entirely to the credit of Mrs. Draper, a daughter of the blue grass region of Kentucky—Susan Preston, before she became the second wife of the rich but plebeian cotton machine manufacturer of Hopedale.

The courtship of the Prince was brief and business-like. The wedding was solemnized in marvelously short time, for the groom had to return to his military duties. He was wounded near Isonzo and had been detailed to assist in the Red Cross work at the Villa Malta, an

establishment of the Knights of Malta, which occupies a position in the old garden of Villa Ludovisi. He will bring his handsome young bride to modest quarters in Via Buoncompagni, unless she elects to rent more adequate quarters at her own expense. She takes rank officially as the wife of a well-placed army man, with legions of lofty kindred, but after all merely the son of a second son and with no expectations of greater rank. The only interest which attaches to him is through his opulent wife and curiosity to see how they will get along and how freely she will spend her golden guineas. Princes of families going back to the thirteenth century are not uncommon in Rome. Not one of the splendid mansions renowned in the annals of Buoncompagni or Ludovisi, is available for Princess Margaret. The head of the house is Prince Francesco, son of that Prince Ugo, whose reckless building operations in the new quarter of Rome, after the boom of the first decade of Italian unification brought ruin and long-drawn-out bankruptcy proceedings. Ugo lost his fortune and his wife in one blow, and, unable to endure the accumulated sorrow, he took orders and is now an Archbishop of the Curia. He made over all his titles to Don Francisco, and this scion of many noble houses is called variously Prince Piombino, Duke of Sera and of Arco and he lives in the famous Piombino palazzo on the Corso. But though Don Francesco had a few palaces and some country estates, he was destitute in the sense of not possessing sufficient income to keep up the outward show of his rank, and he was compelled to look about sharply before selecting his heiress. He found her in Nicoletta Prinetti, daughter of that Marquis Prinetti, one time minister of foreign affairs in Rome, but best known as member of the firm of Stucchi and Prinetti, sewing machine and bicycle manufacturers and controlling all concessions of that kind in the kingdom. She had a very big fortune and now the Prince of Piombino has opened his palace and entertains after the manner of his kindred before the unhappy days of 1878.

Prince Andrea, unless he can move mountains, may hardly hope to cut such a dash in Roman society as His Serene Highness, his cousin, Don Francesco. But perhaps he considers it worth something handsome for the former Miss Draper to claim kinship with the illustrious chief. Queen Marguerite purchased the fine Villa Ludovisi and the remnant of its fine gardens—once the gardens of Sallust—and she spends the winter there and holds court after a fashion. It is not probable she will sell it back to the Buoncompagni for all the Draper fortune, still less a fraction of it. The Knights of Malta are under the hereditary control of the Buoncompagni family and they have always been useful in providing posts for the younger sons. Prince Luigi, father of Miss Draper's prince, has a slender tie with the Maltese establishment and holds one of its sinecures. The army and navy of Italy offered some assistance to the hard-pressed clan and Prince Andrea entered the military school at Turin and in short order his younger brother followed. The third son is in

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the navy but all three were in the service before the general call to arms when Italy decided to enter the war.

Princess Margaret will take over many family connections past and present. The house of Buoncompagni gave one pope to the church, namely Gregory XIII, from 1572-85, whose warlike aspect on the tomb erected over his remains in St. Peter's recalls his intrepid stand against the Reformation and his actual martial efforts against the Turks. It was this Gregory who founded the great institute of learning which bears his name, the Gregorian College, in Rome, and also founded numbers of universities as counter moves against the incroaching tide of Protestantism. It was he who ordered the "Te Deum" service after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Ludovisi family claims Gregory XV, a Jesuit student and a profound admirer of the great order. It

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was he who canonized Ignatius Loyola and the Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. During his entire pontificate he showed his esteem and devotion for his Jesuit teachers. Gregory XV has a splendid tomb in St. Ignatio's in Rome. No wonder the American princess be-thought herself of renouncing at once the errors of her Protestant forebears and taking over the religion of her prince as well as his title. Marrying into the very "blackest" society in Rome, she would have no prestige at all outside the pale. However, it makes one question the value of such converts. But the Drapers were always called "open-minded." Possibly General Draper followed the tenets of his neighbors—Unitarianism. Mrs. Draper has no particular religion and was delighted with the picturesqueness of the Roman church. She has been conveying the impression that she would eventually join it. One's aesthetic needs, at least were satisfied.

General Draper's ambassadorship, so the political gossip went, about January or February, 1897, was part of the reward which Archbishop Ireland received for writing that letter against Bryan in the campaign which preceded the first election of William McKinley. His Grace of St. Paul has often deprecated that letter as one of his youthful follies. The selection of Joseph McKenna for the cabinet was the other part of the reward. General Draper proved himself a wise and careful friend. They were parlous times for American Catholics and it required a capable and loyal counsellor to save even a remnant of the confidence which the Holy See had once reposed in the hierarchy of the United States. He did not succeed in getting the Cardinal's hat for the brilliant metropolitan of St. Paul, for he had a powerful enemy working against him, namely Cardinal Satolli. It is a story of consuming interest but relates only casually to General Draper's daughter and Prince Andrea of the house of Buoncampagni. The princess

was a simple and unaffected girl and possibly she may fail to please the haughty nobles with whom she must now hob-nob. She has been reared rather strictly as to manners and moral standards, considering the latitude allowed the young woman of to-day. The Latin, as all the world knows, sympathizes over kindly with men who yield to the "sting of the flesh," as St. Paul puts it. No Latin is expected to take his marital obligations seriously, and unless their own novelists, poets, dramatists, economists and spiritual guides malign them, none of them does. All of this was known to the high contracting parties in this particular international alliance but what impression did it make? If only one Italian could fall in love with an American maid who had no fortune to boast of, the suspicion might be lifted off this particular brand of suitors. Count Arturo Cassini, for many years ambassador to this capital from the Czar, loved to point out that of all the Europeans who come courting the beautiful, loveable and resourceful American maiden, Russians alone can prove they marry for love and not for money. One very pertinent instance is Julia Dent Grant, daughter of General "Fred," most happily married to a Russian Prince, a man of lofty character, high military position, abundant wealth and seemingly of quiet domestic habits. Miss Grant had no dot at all and her modest trousseau and a tiny bit of pin money came through the generosity of Mrs. Potter Palmer, her aunt. The present ambassador from Russia, M. Bahkmeteff married Miss Mary Beale, daughter of General Edward Fitzgerald Beale, and she brought nothing more than a comfortable little income, just enough for her own personal needs. The instances could be multiplied, but all in proof that Count Cassini's remark was astute and founded on a profound knowledge of the estimates placed on American women by the various titled men of Europe.

Two Novels

By A. S.

"Olga Bardel," by Stacy Aumonier, is a good story of certain phases of London life, with a brief but altogether incidental shift to America. The tale is the life record of *Olga Bardel*, an exotic, a child of the London slums, who, as a youngster, exhibits rare musical genius. A picture is given us of East End poverty and the worthlessness of her family. Rascally theatrical promoters get possession of her and exploit her. When she fully finds herself she embarks on a professional career and meets and marries the man she thinks she loves; but he is not the right man, and neither is the elderly friend she marries after she has divorced her first husband. Her real romance comes late in life, or at any rate, is realized then, being only possible on the death of her second husband. However, before that, when her heart's desire comes back from ranging round the world, she gives herself to him without reserve and offers "to go away with him," but does not.

The book is by no means a great novel, but it is interesting. Stacy Aumonier is a comparatively new

writer. This is his first novel, although he has written several short stories, notably one called "The Friends," which appeared in the *Century Magazine* last year. He is a Londoner of French Huguenot origin and can trace his descent through a long line of artists and craftsmen. He is a well-known landscape painter and his wife is Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the pianist. (The Century Co., New York.)

"The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard," by Grace King, is a story of recon-

struction—not the political reconstruction of the South, of which so much has been written, but of the lives and fortunes of certain individuals, or more specifically, the lives and fortunes of a New Orleans lawyer, who comes back from the war, and his family. The man returns to find that he has been reduced from wealth to penury and that political conditions are such as to bar him from even trying to reinstate himself through the practice of his profession. Old friends who have used existing conditions to their pecuniary profit, turn their

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backs on him. Members of the family who all their lives have known nothing but luxury, move the few sticks of furniture they can get together into an old house, no better than one used by their slaves, in the little parish of St. Medard, just below and in the environs of New Orleans.

Despite the poverty and hardship revealed, the story is a pleasant one. Rare pictures are given us of the simple people who inhabited that mean parish. The characters are all invested with separate individualities. In other words, this writer seems to have the rare skill of giving the breath of life to the characters she creates. And they are people mostly who are helpful and kind, although the sordidness and meanness extraordinarily developed by the enormous changes of the Civil War and its *sequelae*, are also made powerfully manifest. The book has value as a historical document, and I take it that Grace King has no less successfully than Cable presented a phase of the always interesting life of New Orleans. In some parts the style of the book is reminiscent of Scott, although it appears that some other parts might have been improved by more careful editing. (The Century Co., New York.)

Busy Little Doris

"Doris!" called the young woman with the high voice, rushing to the street door of the suburban dry goods store and peering anxiously up and down the walk. "Come right here! You naughty girl! You come inside now, where I can keep an eye on you!"

"I don't know what I am going to do with that child," she confided to the waiting clerk. "Seems as if I can't leave her a minute but she's up to something. I'd like to see what these people who write stuff about not curbing the impulses of a child would do with—Doris! There! She's got into the hooks and eyes, and they're all over the floor! If you don't leave things alone I'll spank—and spank hard! Pick those up—every one!"

"Of course she won't get them straight in the box, and you'll have to do them over again, but it's good discipline to make her—Doris, not in that box! Those are the dress snappers, and you musn't mix them! She's so restless it nearly drives me crazy—no, I want a thinner lawn than that and wider, if you have it. "I hardly get settled to my sewing at home before the cook in the other end of the flat shrieks that Doris is head first in the flour bin or has spilled the milk all over herself! And before I get that straightened up she has whisked down the front room and tangled all my thread and swallowed the needles! It was lucky we found that she had put them down the neck of her dress instead of down her throat before we x-rayed her the last time she did that trick!"

"Where is she? I'm always suspicious when she's so quiet! If you'll look behind that counter I'll—Doris! What—ever are you doing? Oh, she's got down the box of white mittens and

has tried them all on! Look! She's separated the pairs, too!"

"Well, I suppose they're all alike, so it won't make any dif— oh, you can't tell which are quarter and which are 50 cent ones now? It seems to me if I worked in a dry goods store I'd take a little more interest in the stock than that! Now, you sit right here till I'm through and don't you stir! No, this lawn is too thin. I want it medium."

"The worst experience we ever had with her was the time when she was real small and crawled into the lowest compartment of the refrigerator, and we had telephoned the police before we saw her shoe sticking out!"

"Last spring the woman next door planted a lot of seeds in flower boxes on her back porch adjoining ours, and she was perfectly silly about them. Whenever I would go out there she was sure to be mooning over them and having fits when they began to come up. I think it was perfectly natural that Doris should be interested in nature and cuddle over and pick them the minute they were pickable! She carried every one of them to that woman, too, which was decidedly honest and cute of her."

"But I never heard such a row in my life—no, that's not the color—and we had the agent to see us and everything. 'Do you expect me to keep her tied onto one end of a sash?' I asked that woman. 'She is a human being and not a wild animal,' I said. I don't see why agents rent to persons like her. She talked perfectly awful."

"H'm! That woman must have been in a dreadful hurry if she couldn't wait till you're through with me! I shouldn't think you'd care for customers like that—the fussy, important ones never do buy much of anything. Now, Doris, when mother asked you especially to be good! Whatever has she done to those paper patterns? It was the tearing of the tissue paper that first called my attention—I don't suppose anyone who wanted those especial patterns would mind if they had been out of the envelopes and unfolded, do you? It's funny you can't find the kind of pink lawn I want! I'd look on those upper shelves again if I were you!"

"I suppose that when Doris grows up she'll be one of those vivacious, popular girls. It'll be nice when she gets over the flour bin age, and that's all I live for, really. Otherwise my nerves would be shattered. You don't seem to find the kind of lawn I want—I'll have to go down to the store in the next block after all. Doris! Wherever is she? Do you suppose she has run out on the street again? She isn't behind this counter—nor over there! Wherever—oh! back there, was she? In the safe? Spilled out the little drawers? And mixed things? I don't see what people have safes for if they are going to leave them open! Come, Doris! Say good-bye nicely to the lady! Say it nicely, so she'll be glad to have you come again! I expect the other store will have what I want. It always does! Yes, you can take along the pile of fashion sheets—the lady won't care! Hurry! Mother's wasted so much time here all for nothing!"—*Chicago Daily News.*



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Above the Trenches

By Joseph Danziger

Berlin, Wilmersdorf,

Nassauische Str., 16a, Oct. 17, 1916.

(Correspondence of REEDY'S MIRROR.)

After an interminable ride over bottomless Russian roads, I arrived at division headquarters that night; wet, hungry and utterly fatigued. Yet we sat at the mess-table until midnight, listening to stories of the ten-day battle which had just been terminated that day, and looking at photographs, still dripping from the dark-room, showing heaped-up hecatombs of Russian dead lying in front of the German trenches.

It seemed to me that I had just gotten to sleep, when an orderly awoke me with, "The major's compliments, and would the gentleman like to go out to the aviation grounds and watch the aviation division get away for the day's inspection?" I was awake and out of bed in an instant! Ever since I can remember, as a boy, I never missed going to a fire, unless prevented by stern parental restrictions, and since then, I have been as assiduous at attending any exhibition of aerial apparatus, from Captain Baldwin's "dirigible balloon" and the early attempts of the Wright machines to the latest modern device exposed to the public gaze.

It was still dusk when we arrived at the big level field, but already (several, by the censor) machines were in the air, flying in great circles until they had attained the desired height, when the commander of the squadron gave the signal to start and they soon disappeared in the east where the enemy's trenches lay. The air was full of popping explosions from more than a score of machines that were still on the ground. Every half minute or so, a great dragon-like creature would take a preliminary run over the ground and then lightly soar into the air, coming back over our heads in a graceful circle. By groups (cut out by the censor) they gathered up aloft, the commander of each squadron gave the signal to start and off they flew.

Soon we were alone, except for a big force of engineers and machinists and the officers accompanying us. (Four lines cut out here by the censor.) There are big sideshow tents for the aeroplanes themselves, ranged around the edges of the field. (Five lines cut out here by the censor.) With a typical German love for artistic domestic surroundings, each man had decorated his stateroom as neatly as the circumstances permitted, with pictures and hangings, which made a very pleasing individuality out of the uniform quarters in the old international sleeper.

Presently the first flyers returned, and after handing their photographic apparatus to an orderly, who hurried away with it to the dark-room, they made their reports of the changes which had taken place across the way since the day before. Their talk was exceedingly interesting to a layman, and with the aid of former photographs one could tell exactly what activities the enemy was up to.

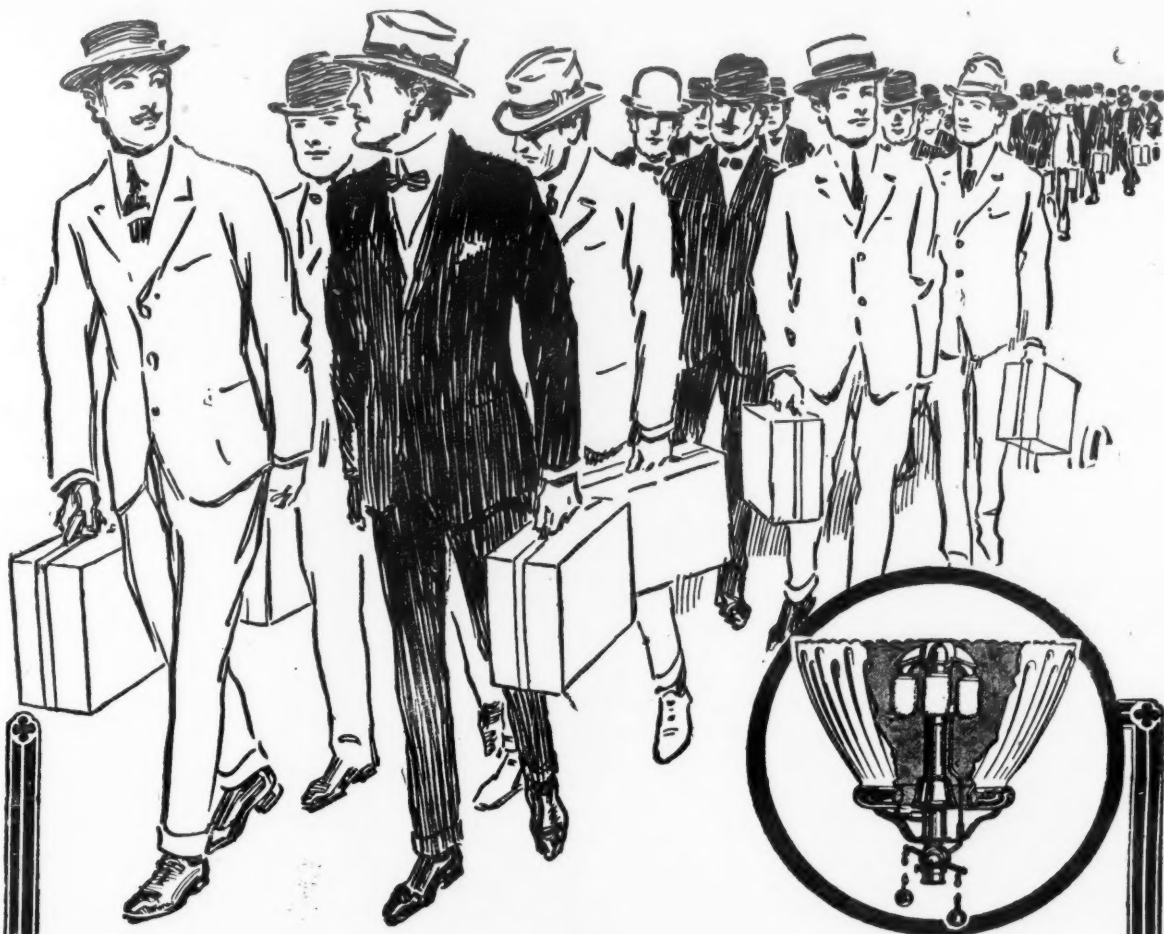
The commander of the division came

to my Swedish colleague and myself, and asked if one of us would like to take a little flight in the machine which had just arrived and was still standing in the open. The offer quite took my breath away, but I had enough left to shout, "I will," and start on a run for the waiting machine before my Swedish colleague could make up his mind and beat me to it. I was already climbing into the comfortable-looking tonneau for the observer, when Lieutenant B—

stopped me and said there were a few preliminaries to be observed. I had to put on a big leather coat with fur lining, a stocking-cap with eye- and mouth-holes was pulled over my head, and an extra heavy football helmet was placed on my head, and strapped securely under my chin. Lastly, I was assured that I was undertaking this trip at my own risk, that if I were hurt in the flight all of the officers in the flying corps would be unspeakably sorry, but the

funeral would be mine exclusively. I gleefully accepted these stipulations and climbed into the tonneau, a deep, circular compartment, breast high, and comfortably upholstered in leather. At my side was a machine-gun mounted on a swivel which could be moved to any point on the rim of the tonneau, and on the floor were several hundred empty cartridges, as evidence that the gun was not there merely for ornament.

I was told to buckle myself down to



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the seat until after we had reached the two-hundred meter height, and then conversation ceased, because the eight-cylinder motor began to resume business. Soon the pilot was satisfied with the tone of the motor, the signal was given to let go and we began to jolt across the field. Then the jolting stopped, and I looked directly down. We were already a hundred feet in the air and going up rapidly, in a broad sweep about the field. I wondered when I should begin to get scared, because we were going up very rapidly. But the motion was so smooth and steady, the machine so stable and the pilot, with only his head and shoulders showing above his deeper seat, looked so cool and business-like that there was no more feeling of uneasiness than on a street car, not as much as on an auto, traveling over a dark country road, or in a crowded city street.

I glanced at the barograph. Three hundred meters! Higher than the Washington monument, higher than the tallest and ugliest of New York's skyscrapers. According to instructions, I was now at liberty to unshackle myself from the seat, but I thought, "What's the use?" The officer had said I could, not I *must* do so. Four hundred, five hundred, six hundred meters we flew upwards. The aviation fields, the little Russian city we had left in the grey dawn, the entire surrounding country were exposed to the view for miles in every direction. I took off the life belt now to look around, I was beginning to feel in the same class with Captain Boelcke and some of the other old-timers. I sat down again and glanced at the barograph. Eight hundred meters; and then—suddenly the machine began to tip! Not slightly swaying as it had been doing, but viciously, as though it intended to stand on its left wing. I gripped the sides of the tonneau, and shifted to the high side in the hopes of balancing the thing. The pilot did not seem excited and I looked straight out over the sides of the tonneau almost to the ground under my feet!

We were making a very sharp turn, that was all; I realized; and I also realized that we were standing at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. Take it from me, gentle reader, the sensation was not altogether reassuring; in fact, the few minutes that we made that spiral contained as much thrill as was coming to anyone in so short a time. I looked at the pilot, and caught his eye in the convex mirror over his head. I grinned mechanically with my lips, my eyes and the rest of my face were fortunately concealed by the stocking-cap and a huge pair of goggles. Then we straightened out our course and got on an even keel again. One thousand meters up in the air!

The landscape was no longer flat but seemed slightly concave. Fields and forests were sharply defined by roads and houses but there was a general loss of detail. The wind blew steady and sharp and I was glad to find in the tonneau a pair of heavy gloves, which I put on. We were mounting rapidly and soon passed the fifteen hundred and then the two thousand meter height. The earth below had assumed the shape of a sau-

cer. A village had become a dull brown geometrical figure, a forest a clump of moss, more or less extensive. The fields were grey or green polygons separated from one another by straight lines of a lighter shade. A cluster of ant-like creatures were moving along imperceptibly in a field. I could not make them out at all, and then came to the conclusion they must be horses; of men there was not a trace; a man's horizontal section is too small to be seen from such a height without a glass. The air was cool and wonderfully pure, quite different from any mountain air, which is always influenced by the closeness to the earth. But up there, no organic matter exists, or at least only in infinitesimal quantities. There was a sense of freedom and exhilaration, too, that cannot be described, nor can it be understood except by those who have been up in a flying machine. We were far and away above the earth and its petty trials and discomforts; we were in an element where man had never ventured before, until this generation and there were no instinctive race memories to furnish a precedent.

It is glorious, this sense of flying, fear is gone and, I imagine, hate, too, even between men who fight each other up in the ether. One's thoughts are as pure and cool as the steady gale that never ceases for an instant. Suddenly the saucer under us begins to sway and then to tip violently. One edge of it comes to the level of the tonneau, and I calmly reason that we are turning again and that we are no longer on an even keel. But we are so far above the horizon and the pull of the earth that there is no sense of being out of plumb, and this time I do not grasp the sides of the car, but sit calmly wondering why everything does not spill to the lower edge of this crazy saucer, and glad that I am up here where things are steady.

Then the saucer wobbles back into a level position just like a saucer on your breakfast table would do, and I understand from the pilot's signals that we are flying over a trench. I can make it out from its wavy contour, but there are no traces of the familiar dugout and redoubts that I have seen so many hundreds of. Only a wavy line, that, because it cannot be a road, must be a trench. Of course, an experienced observer can recognize such objects with certainty.

We are over twenty-two hundred meters now and are flying over a town. I recognize the place we started from by the green-domed Russian church and the little sparkling lake near it. We are again approaching the aviation grounds, when the crazy saucer begins to tip again. Not content with this, it also takes on a slow, spinning motion. The upper edge goes round and round the horizon. I am glad I am not on such an unstable world at such a time, and glance at the barograph. Seventeen hundred meters! Going down and going down fast! I have every confidence in the man at the wheel, and anyway, he will get the blame for it if the machine is damaged. I realize that this is the famous cork-screw plunge that is said to be so terrorizing to novices, and



**Seldom Equaled
Never Excelled**

wonder why I am not scared. Perhaps I am lacking in imagination or possibly the terrorizing stuff is yet to come. One thousand meters now! Oh, shoot! we are right near the earth again! Why could we not have stayed up there for a day or so?

The descent is rapid and the circles grow in diameter, soon we are in the lower hundreds level, and the pilot signals me to put on my shackles again. Perhaps this is where the great scare is to come—on landing. But no. The pilot is skimming above the ground, looking for a level spot, he dips suddenly, almost touching the earth, then rises a few meters, dips again and, lightly as a bird, we drop our wheels to the ground and exhaust our momentum in this way.

I climb out of the tonneau and look at my watch, for we must have been up for a quarter of an hour. It is eighty minutes since we left the earth! My ears hurt terribly and I am told that I should have kept my mouth open in the descent to equalize the air pressure. My Swedish friend tells me that the officers were holding their sides with laughter at some of the stunts being done to me by the pilot, who is particularly adept at that sort of thing. I am glad I did not know this at the time, but I am still more glad at having had the chance of going aloft, and the next time I do so (which will be the first chance I get), I hope that Hair-Breadth Harry will be sitting in front of me again.

Going up in an aeroplane is like nothing else in the world that one has ever experienced. It is just like flying!

Weight

An officer lately returned from Alexandria carried home a story of the British soldier's humor. A curio-collecting captain had prevailed upon two privates to move his effects. They managed everything save a weighty packing-case, which defied their united efforts. As they paused to wipe the sweat from their brows one asked: "What the deuce is in it, Bill?" "T' Pyramids," answered Bill, promptly.

"Did the doctor give you much encouragement?" asked Mrs. Dumson. "Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Dumson. "He said I would be able to whip my weight in wildcats before long." "Dear me! Where will you find the wildcats?" —*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Getting In

A careless chauffeur in attempting to drive his car over the tracks of a railroad was struck by a train, the car smashed to pieces and the party thrown out and more or less injured. After they had been picked up and placed in a comfortable position, Abie Cohen came along and inquired the cause of the trouble. Being advised that their car had been struck by a train, Abie asked if the company's claim adjuster had arrived to effect a settlement. When he was told that the adjuster had not reached the scene of trouble, his countenance took on a pleasant smile and he said: "Vell, den mof up und make room for me."

Ancient and Modern

Life may hold all the old romance,
I say it may, but youngsters dance
A very different kind of way
From what we danced just yesterday;
First, arm and arm we would parade,
Then with the first faint notes we
swayed—

The girls—like meadows full of blooms,
And the air filled with faint perfumes,
The blending wreath of blossomed ways
And upland slopes of yesterdays.

And the young men had dignity
Back in the days that used to be;
They trod a measure in a way
You scarcely ever see to-day;
They bowed low to their partner, and
With deep respect they took her hand
And led her to her place, and then
Led her back to her seat again
When the dance ended, and then said
Their words of thanks with bended
head.

These days a boy, all pompadour,
Comes teetering across the floor
As if he has springs in his legs,
Or as if he approached on eggs,
With snapping fingers; with a jump
He grabs his waiting sugar-lump
And down the floor they zip and slide,
And gallop, jump and hop, and glide,
And he yanks her up off the floor,
And flops her down on it once more!

Then he backs her across the hall
So swift you think she's bound to fall,
But finally she stops him and
They fight it out to beat the band!
He bends her back and forth a few
And almost breaks the maid in two!
Then he twists her, then she twists him!
They tear each other limb from limb—
Or leastwise it looks like they did—
Then he says, "You're some dancer,
kid!"

—Judd M. Lewis, in *Houston Post.*

Diet

A lazy dyspeptic was bemoaning his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make yourself so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone." "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

Taking Time

Sandy, the plumber, was working on a town job with an apprentice. In the course of the forenoon the boss visited the job, and, failing to find Sandy anywhere about the premises, decided to wait his return. "Where have you been?" demanded the boss when Sandy put in an appearance. "Gettin' ma hair cut," answered Sandy, quite coolly. "And how dare you get your hair cut in my time?" "Weel, disna it grow in your time?"

Followed the Prescription

An old colored uncle was found by the householder prowling in his barnyard late one night. "Uncle Calhoun," said the owner of the place sternly, "it



THE STRENGTH OF THE NATION lies in the thrift of its people. ¶ The savers, building up their independence little by little, are the foundation of its prosperity. ¶ If you would share the benefits of a prosperous nation, *you* should save and deposit regularly in the Mercantile Trust Company, Eighth and Locust Streets, a definite portion of your earnings.

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can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold." "Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered. "Doctor's orders? Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?" "No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal, "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

Compensation

There is the good old tale of the second officer of the brig *Lizzie W. Hunt*, of Portsmouth, Maine, who was in the act of upbraiding the able seaman, Aaron Tappin, for his well-known weakness for rum. Said the second officer: "Tappin, you might have been a second officer like me, instead of a sailor before the mast." "Stow that stuff," answered the able seaman. "When I'm drunk I'm an admiral."

Angry Guest—See here; I've been here a week and the maid hasn't been inside of my room once.

Hotel Landlord—Speaks pretty well for us, doesn't it? Our help conduct themselves so as to be absolutely above suspicion.—*Town Topics.*

Marts and Money

They have a mob market in Wall street. Stocks of real and permanent investment merits are neglected. Their quotations move within monotonous limits. There's an unparalleled demand for copper certificates, however. It is stimulated by "circumstantial reports" of a huge merger, comprising the Braden, Chili, Cerro de Pasco, Inspiration, Kennecott, and Utah companies. Assurance is given that the Guggenheim, Morgan and Rockefeller interests are holding daily conferences, and that the precise details of the "big deal" will be given out in the next few days. The price of Utah is 130; it was 119¾ a week ago. On July 14 last, sales were made at 74¾. In this case, the "bull" frenzy is intensified by intimations of another advance in the quarterly rate of payments to stockholders. Kennecott, which could be obtained at 50 a few weeks ago, is valued at 63¾. The stock was listed about a year ago, shortly after the incorporation of the company it represents. The Kennecott owns one-fourth of the outstanding stock of the Utah; also practically all the stock of the Braden. The latter's great mining prop-



OFFICIAL STATEMENT

November 17, 1916

OFFICERS

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WM. H. THOMSON,
Vice-President.
CLARENCE R. LAWS,
Vice-President.
JULIUS W. REINHOLDT,
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EDWARDS WHITAKER,
WM. H. THOMSON,
CLARENCE R. LAWS.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, Personal and Col- lateral (less unearned discount).....	\$12,013,306.31
Customers' Endorsement Liability on Foreign Exchange Maturing	102,309.20
Overdrafts	3,761.59
Real Estate	809,809.55
Safe Deposit Vaults and Bank Fixtures..	134,450.28
Bonds and Stocks	2,004,928.13
Currency and Coin.....	\$1,573,023.43
Checks and Cash Items	358,746.23
Exchange—Sight	2,887,148.13
Total	\$19,887,482.85

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock, Paid in.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus Fund (earned)	1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net (earned).....	214,847.15
Deposits	16,406,596.62
Time Acceptances	111,983.34
Endorsement Liability on Foreign Ex- change Maturing	102,309.20
Reserve for Taxes, etc.....	51,746.54
Total	\$19,887,482.85

**Accounts Solicited Upon Favorable Terms
Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold**



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erties are located in Chili. Evidently, merger talk still is a mighty factor on the Stock Exchange, that is, among the gamblers, even though it coincides with the establishment of such quotations for copper shares as would have been considered chimerical two years ago. One feels inclined to marvel, occasionally, why transactions of this variety are not pulled off in times of great depression, when quoted values would insure absence of violent inflation. If the financial powers referred to truly intend to effect a consolidation in existing cir-

cumstances, close observers will not feel inclined to put forth complimentary remarks respecting their acumen or their purposes. It took the United States Steel Corporation fourteen years to eliminate the last vestige of water from its immense capitalization—approximately \$1,500,000,000.

The quotation for Republic Iron and Steel common rose over \$10 in the past week. It's 91 at this moment—absolute maximum. In 1912, in 1913, and in 1914, the stock sold two or three points under 20. Holders of it are expectant of their first dividend, the company having authorized the payment of the last \$4 in arrears on the preferred stock. Since the surplus income, after the 7 per cent on the preferred, is equal to almost \$50 on the \$27,191,000 common outstanding, hopes of commencement of distributions early in 1917 may fairly be entertained. There are hints that the yearly rate may be fixed at 6 per cent. The \$25,000,000 preferred stock is quoted at 116 on the part value of \$100. This price would indicate that large amounts of it have in recent months gone into the strong boxes of investors.

United States Steel common is quoted at 126½; this, also, means a new high record. It compares with 38 on February 3, 1915. Patrons of brokerage offices are regaled with wonderful estimates as to the corporation's earnings for the final three months of 1916. There are predictions of at least \$100,000,000. Still more wonderful stories are told in regard to prospective results in 1917. They are strongly remindful of the facile optimism of Col. Mulberry Sellers. Naturally, Steel common is "tipped" to go to 150 or 160. It would be at these altitudinous notches now if it could be considered absolutely certain that the war would last at least another

twelve months. Conditions in the steel industry are millennial, apparently. All the leading producers are fully booked until July 1, 1917. They will not and cannot accept any more orders calling for deliveries before that date. In some lines, contracts have been booked up to March 1, 1918. The prices of steel rails—Bessemer and open-hearth varieties—have been raised to \$38 and \$40, respectively. They were \$28 and \$30, respectively, up to May 1, 1916. One of the recognized steel authorities declares that the producers will not be materially advantaged by the latest advances in the rail and other departments. Their capacities are covered; besides, they are confronted with the rising cost of labor and raw material. The British Government has inquired for 75-pound steel rails for one thousand miles of railroad lines. It is stated that the order has been refused, tempting terms notwithstanding.

One of the new favorites in the steel department of the Stock Exchange is Gulf States Steel common, which, together with first and second preferred, was listed some time ago. It pays 8 per cent per annum, but can easily pay 10 or 12 per cent. On May 4 last, sales were made at 71; the prevailing valuation is around 160. It is believed that 200 will be touched early in 1917. The company pays 7 per cent both on the first and second preferred shares. There has been a great and boisterous demand, lately, also for Sloss-Sheffield Steel & Iron stocks.

Joplin rises to inform us that the price of zinc (spelter) has reascended to \$90 a ton, and that the demand continues exceptionally brisk. In April and May, 1915, the quotation was \$120 a ton. Subsequently there was a violent "slump," which created a critical state of things for a while in the Joplin region.

In consequence of the fine tidings from the zinc districts, Wall street professes a new and profound interest in stocks of this category. American Zinc, Lead & Smelting common shows an advance of about \$40 when comparison is made with the low notch of last July.

As stated above, railroad shares are in poor request. Their prices reflect the restrictive influences of the attacks on the Adamson Act, hints at strike troubles, and additional liquidation for foreign account. They are unquestionably cheap, however. They are lower than they were a year ago in almost all the important instances. Atchison common is rated at 104¾; it was worth 111¼ on November 4, 1915. The company is earning about 14 per cent on the stock, though paying only 6 per cent. Baltimore & Ohio common, paying 5 per cent, is quoted at 85, against 96 on December 31, 1915. The rate could conveniently be increased to 6 or 7 per cent. New York Central is valued at 107½, against 114¼ on October 5 last. It receives 5 per cent per annum, though the company is earning approximately 20 per cent. Sooner or later, stocks of this kind will be materially higher than they are to-day, the Adamson law and gloomy conjectures anent it notwithstanding. It is scarcely to be doubted that the railroad companies will be granted a satisfactory increase in their rates. There's no reason to assume that the Federal and state governments will feel disposed to permit of a grave impairment of railroad finances. The experiences of the last six or seven years have plainly demonstrated that railroad companies in the hands of receivers, are unable to attract investment capital through payment of reasonable dividend rates, are liabilities rather than assets for the whole nation. It must not be forgotten, in this respect, that the railroad companies in Eastern territory were allowed rate increases, aggregating something like \$35,000,000, in 1915. The new schedules went into effect a few months since.

The preliminary refunding plan of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific provides for a cut of \$2,054,000 in the annual total of fixed charges. Also for the issuance of \$30,000,000 7 per cent preferred, \$20,000,000 6 per cent preferred, and \$75,000,000 common stock. The preferred shares are already valued at 87 and 68, respectively; the common is priced at 38 to 40. It is estimated that the company, under the new conditions, should be able to report not less than 8 per cent earned on the common stock, after payment of preferred dividends. The 6 per cent preferred will be given in exchange for the 5 per cent debenture bonds. Owners of the old stock will be asked to take 7 per cent preferred and common shares, in consideration of the \$40 assessment. I make bold to predict that the new common certificates will be a popular and profitable speculation at a not distant date. They should be bought without hesitancy during spells of depression.

The rate for Russian exchange has risen to 31½ cents, owing to the impending flotation of another 5½ per cent loan to that government. Supplementary loans are to be issued in 1917.

Other foreign exchange rates denote no changes of importance, if any at all.

Finance in St. Louis.

The local market for securities acts in an encouraging manner. Heavy realizing sales, consequent upon sharp advances in recent weeks, are well absorbed. No serious depreciation has occurred in any prominent instance. The quotation for Hamilton-Brown Shoe stock, for instance, denotes a decline of only three points, after a rise from 120 to 150. That for Wagner Electric shows a fall of about five points, though the total advance since January 1, 1915, amounted to nearly \$275. The halting state of the general market is in congruence with a similar condition in Wall street, where copper shares have been the principal features since November 9. National Candy common has dropped in value from 22 to 19.75. It was worth only 5 a few months ago. Two hundred and sixty shares were transferred in the past week. Ten of the first preferred brought 103.

International Shoe common has receded further, the current price being 105, against 108 previously. Forty shares were disposed of. The quotation for the 6 per cent preferred remained firm at 111.50; five shares were transferred. Forty St. Louis Screw shares brought 200—an unchanged price; seventy Union Sand & Material, 81.50 to 82; thirty-five Independent Breweries first preferred, 25, and four hundred Granite-Bimetallic, 75 and 77½ cents. Four thousand dollars St. Louis Brewing 6s were taken at 85, a figure indicating a slight improvement.

There was considerable activity in United Railways issues, but it did not result in noteworthy price changes. Of the 4 per cent bonds, \$30,000 were sold at 60.75 and 61. Over three hundred shares of the preferred were transferred at 16.12½ to 18.50. Nothing was done in the common, which still is purchasable at 5. Two thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban first 5s brought 100.50, and \$1,000 of the general 5s, 74. Of East St. Louis & Suburban 5s, \$2,000 were taken at 89.75. The existing state of the market for securities of this class indicates that investment inquiry is unusually, if not unprecedentedly, small in volume in all financial centers.

The demand for banking certificates is a little better, generally speaking. Bank of Commerce is rated at 107 to 107.50; seventy shares were taken lately. Twenty-seven State National Bank brought 210; seven Mississippi Valley Trust, 280.50 and 290; seven Mercantile Trust, 343, and twelve Title Guaranty Trust, 109. The quotation for German-American Bank has moved up to 212; it was 200 two months ago. This stock should be priced at 225 before long.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	107	107½
United Railways pfd.	18¾	18¾
do 4s	61½	61¾
St. L. & Sub. Gen. 5s	79¾	74½
Alton, Gran. & St. L. 5s	94	94½
Kinloch L. D. Tel. 5s	92½	92½
R. C. Home Tel. 5s	38	38
St. L. Cotton Compress	185	185
Elv. & Walker com.	108½	108½
do 1st pfd.	88	88
do 2d pfd.	103	105
Int. Shoe com.	111½	111½
do pfd.	77½	80
Granite-Bimetallic		

Am. Bakery com.	17¼	17½
do pfd.	140	75
Hamilton-Brown	230	240
St. L. Screw	58	58
Ind. Brew. 6s	20½	20¾
National Candy com.	89	89
do 2nd pfd.		

Answers to Inquiries.

STOCKHOLDER, Washington, Mo.—Would not advise liquidation of Wells-Fargo Express stock at a loss. The current price of 136 suggests an increase in the dividend rate some time in 1917. The existing 6 per cent rate could readily be advanced to 7 or 8 per cent. While the chance of a recovery to 170 appears remote at this date, it cannot be disregarded altogether. The express business still has a promising future, Federal regulation and parcel post competition notwithstanding.

D. A. H., St. Louis.—Willys Overland common is more of a speculation than an investment, though owners receive an annual dividend of \$3. If you bought at 48¾, an additional purchase at the present quotation of 38 would not be imprudent, provided, of course, you can afford to run the risk. The surplus available for payments on the common is largely in excess of requirements. Owing to rapidly growing competition, high prices for material, and overspeculation, the demand for motor shares has fallen off materially in the past two months.

IN DOUBT, Houston, Tex.—Western Union is a stock of indubitable high investment merits. Something like 13 per cent is being earned on it, and it is likely, therefore, that the yearly dividend rate may soon be raised from 5 to 6 per cent. The ruling price is 101¼, against 105½ on October 18. If the Stock Exchange mob were not afflicted with such frantic desire to gamble in equipment, munition, and mining stocks, Western Union and other approved investment issues would be worth a good deal more than they are at present. But they will have their day again, and perhaps in less than six months.

A GEORGIA INVESTOR.—The stock of the St. Joseph Lead Co., quoted at 20½ on the New York curb market, is considered favorably as a mining investment. It has paid regular dividends for many years, and the properties controlled are of great and permanent value. With lead valued at over 7 cents a pound in New York, against 5 cents a year ago, and 4 to 4½ cents in pre-war times, St. Joseph Lead stock does not seem overvalued at price mentioned. A further advance to about 25 may reasonably be looked for, if peace does not come in the near future. Thus far, mining shares of this class have not participated in striking manner in the general upswing.

MEDICUS, El Reno, Ok.—Cannot recommend purchases of Driggs Seabury Ordnance, except for a venturesome speculation. It does not pay anything, though quoted at nearly par, after a meteoric rise to 119¾ two months ago. Whether a dividend may soon be declared, is hard to say. Five per cent could be paid, it is claimed. The stocks of companies making munitions are rank gambles at the present stage of the game in Europe. Buyers and sellers are betting on the duration of the war. That's all there's to it.

The Woman's Account

The National Bank of Commerce Values the Woman's Account Highly

A REASON for the particular favor with which this bank looks upon such accounts is because of the innate loyalty of women. As a rule, a woman regards her bank with the utmost confidence and friendship, and she is frequently instrumental in bringing to her bank business even more important than her own. She speaks well of the bank to her friends and neighbors, and this repays many fold the courtesy and attention extended to her.

The National Bank of Commerce maintains a writing and rest room with free telephone service for women customers.

If a woman customer who is the treasurer of any organization will make all payments by check, and deposit in this bank all funds received, we will be glad to show her how we can help "keep the books" and aid her in making her annual report.

Personal accounts, domestic or household accounts, accounts for funds awaiting investment, accounts of Society Treasurers, subscription organizations, and other accounts for special purposes are welcomed.

The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis

Safety First, Last and Always—

Keeping your savings safe is by far the most important part of saving.

When you deposit with the Mississippi Valley you know that your savings are safe—you know that they can be had any business day of the year—and besides this safety and convenience they are earning 3% interest, compounded semi-annually.



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Bond Dept.

The Skirted Animal

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch shorter!
Whether the skirts are for
Mother or daughter!
Briefer the dresses grow,
Fuller the ripples flow,
While whisking glimpses show
More than they oughter!

Forward the dress parade!
Is there a man dismayed?
No! From the sight displayed
None could be sundered!
Theirs not to make remark;
Clergyman, clubman, clerk—
Gaping from noon till dark
At the four hundred.

Short skirts to right of them!
Shorter to left of them!
Shortest in front of them,
Flaunted and flirited!
In hose of stripe and plaid,
Hued most exceeding glad,
Sporting in spats run mad,
Come the short-skirted!

Flashed all their ankles there;
Flashed as they turned in air!
What will not women dare?
(Though the exhibits show
Some of them blundered.)
All sorts of types of pegs—
Broomsticks, piano legs;
Here and there fairy shapes,
Just built to walk on eggs,
Come by the hundred!

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild show they made!
All the world wondered,
Grande dame and demoiselle,
Shop girl and Bowery belle—
Four hundred? H'm—oh, well,
Any old hundred!

—Carolyn Wells, in *Judge*.

New Books Received

SPoon RIVER ANTHOLOGY by Edgar Lee Mas-
ters. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$2.00.

First printed serially in the *Mirror*. This is its eighteenth edition, with many additions, the most notable being an epilogue, somewhat in the manner of the second part of Goethe's "Faust." Illustrated and decorated by Oliver Herford. Mr. Herford is a brilliant artist, but there's no sign that he knows Spoon River or its people.

THE INVISIBLE BALANCE SHEET by Katrina Trask. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.40.

A novel of New York society life wherein the hero must choose between marrying the woman he loves and inheriting sixty million dollars. Said to combine all the humor, the philosophy and the poetic quality of the author's previous works.

A HOOSIER HOLIDAY by Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co.; \$3.00.

A vivid picture of the middle West, being an account of an automobile tour through Dreiser's boyhood haunts in Indiana, filled with the recollections and romance of youth. Interwoven is a clear statement of the philosophy upon which he has based his novels. The book is beautifully gotten up, particularly with reference to the illustrations, of which there are many full page crayons by Franklin Booth. The latter was Dreiser's host on the journey.

PROPERTY AND SOCIETY by Andrew Alexander Bruce. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co.; 50c.

A discussion of the social and legal concepts of the right to private property in the every day language of man as distinguished from the language of law books, by an associate justice of the supreme court of North Dakota. Of the National Social Science series.

BUDDHA AND THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHISM by Ananda Coomaraswamy, D. Sc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.75.

An account of the gospel of early Buddhism, including a discussion of Nirvana, Karma and Reincarnation, and the relation of Buddhism to Hinduism. Analogies are also pointed out with the religious thought of the West. Illustrated

with numerous photographs and color plates by Abanindro Nath Tagore and Nanda Lal Bose. Glossary, bibliography and index.

AMORES by D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.25.

Short poems by one of the best of the younger English literary men.

SWORDS FOR LIFE by Irene Rutherford McLeod. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.00.

A second volume of verse by the author of "Songs to Save a Soul."

HOW TO READ by J. B. Kerfoot. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co.; \$1.25.

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